

ROMANCE OF TENANT FARMER'S DERBY WINNER

The Daily Mirror

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20
PAGES

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THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1923

One Penny.

STEVE DONOGHUE SCORES A DERBY HAT TRICK



Mr. B. Irish, the tenant farmer from Northamptonshire, leading in yesterday his Derby winner, Papyrus, with smiling Steve Donoghue in the saddle. By his win yesterday Donoghue, the champion British jockey, achieved an unprecedented feat, as he has rid-

den the Derby winner in each of three consecutive years. Yesterday's victory followed those on Captain Cuttle last year and on Hunorist in 1921. Mr. Irish, a "small owner," has the distinction of having beaten several millionaires.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

TWO WOMEN IN WILL DISPUTE.

Housekeeper Who Was Appointed a Director.

HOTEL INCIDENT.

Bequest of "Whole Estate" Annulled.

How a housekeeper was appointed a director of her employer's business was told to Sir Henry Duke in the Probate Court yesterday during an action concerning the estate, worth between £2,000 and £3,000, of the late Mr. Arthur James Price, a manufacturer, of Fitzroy-street, London.

The plaintiff was Mrs. Elaine Lillian Castwood, a friend of the dead man, and the defendant Miss Josephine Mary Pierce, housekeeper to Mr. Price.

Mrs. Castwood propounded a will dated December 13, 1922, or, alternatively, a will of December 15, 1922. Miss Pierce alleged that Mr. Price was not of sound mental capacity at the time, and that the will was obtained by the undue influence of the plaintiff. She set up two wills, one dated September, 1920, and another dated November, 1917.

In a will made on November 5, 1917, which Miss Pierce set up she was to receive an annuity of £200, and according to another will dated September 28, 1920, she was given the whole estate. The hearing was adjourned.

WOMAN'S STORY.

"I Could Not Rest If I Thought You Were Not Provided For."

Mr. Bayford, for plaintiff, said the two wills set up by Mrs. Castwood were practically the same document, one being duly executed in accordance with the other the properly engrossed document.

Mr. Arthur Price was married about 1900. In 1899 Mrs. Castwood made the acquaintance of testator's father and mother.

In 1906 Mr. Price separated from his wife under a deed and had not lived with her since. Afterwards, counsel added, a Mrs. Dixon, a married woman with three children, was introduced to the housekeeper, and she died in 1913, the defendant succeeded her, the Dixon children remaining in the house.

About November, 1921, Mr. Price had a stroke and was unable to attend to business. His solicitor was consulted, and he was given a power of attorney, while Miss Pierce, the housekeeper, was by resolution appointed a director of testator's business, which he had turned into a one-man company. Deceased recovered from his stroke, and by May, 1922, returned to the business in London. The following October Mrs. Castwood spent a week-end at Welwyn. At the end of that month Mr. Price asked Mrs. Castwood to go to Felixstowe with him.

On arriving there she found he had engaged only one room, at which she protested, and he promised to get another bedroom. When they retired, however, at eleven o'clock she found he had not carried out his promise.

The room contained two beds, and nothing happened, although, said counsel, it was an extremely unpleasant position for a married woman living apart from her husband. In fact, they stayed two nights at the hotel.

It was this incident, added Mr. Bayford, that accounted for the contest about the last will.

£500 WAGES CLAIM.

In November, 1922, testator wanted to get rid of Miss Pierce as housekeeper, and afterwards she put in a claim of £500 against him for wages.

On December 15, 1922, he gave instructions for a will leaving everything to Mrs. Castwood, who had declined to accompany him to his solicitor's office, at the same time executing the document, which was engrossed and properly executed.

Mrs. Castwood said she separated from her husband in 1909. She first met Mr. Price afterwards in April, 1921, quite accidentally in the street.

She said him a visit later, and he sometimes stayed the night at her boarding-house when he was in London. At Felixstowe witness only consented to occupy the spare room in order to avoid "a fuss." The testator complained of Miss Pierce, the defendant, being overbearing in manner.

He also said that Miss Pierce had found out about the Felixstowe trip and that there had been a scene, when she struck him in the face with a folded newspaper. Later he mentioned about a will, saying he could not rest if he thought witness was not provided for.

She told him, not to mind, as she could get along all right, but he told her she need not worry about the future.

Mr. Bayford said he never tried to influence deceased to make a will in your favour—Never. I always discouraged him.

After the Felixstowe trip, added Mrs. Castwood, deceased begged her forgiveness and apologized for his conduct.

CARRIED TO ALTAR.

Bridegroom Married in Spite of Broken Leg.

MOTOR-CYCLE SMASH.

Conveyed to All Saints' Church, Wellingborough, in a motor-lorry, and carried to the altar on a stretcher by ambulance men, Walter G. Barrett, aged twenty-five, a Wellingborough shoe-hand, who is suffering from a broken thigh, was yesterday married to Miss Ivy Hobbs, an auctioneer's clerk, of Finedon, Northants.

Three weeks ago Barrett was driving a motor-cycle from Finedon towards Wellingborough during a severe storm, when he ran into a large car and received his injuries.

He had arranged for his fiancée to ride pillion, but at the last moment she declined and chose to go by omnibus.

The banns were up for the wedding at Whit-sur-tide, and it was Barrett's wish that the marriage should take place without further delay.

After the wedding the bridegroom was carried from church and conveyed to the County Hospital to undergo an operation.

KEPT ON ELLIS ISLAND.

Two British Passengers Allowed to Land After Appeals.

Two British passengers on the President Monroe, says Reuter, who have been detained at Ellis Island since May 30, because the quota of British immigrants into the United States was exhausted, have now been allowed to land. This is the result of appeals made by them to Washington.

Mrs. Robertson, a widow, has been allowed to go to her relatives in Chicago, and Mrs. Demitro has joined her husband, an American citizen in New York.

TO MAKE DIAMONDS.

Hope of Scientists Who Succeed in Generating Two Million Volts.

It is announced from Pittsfield, Mass., that an electric current of 2,000,000 volts has been generated in the laboratory of the General Electric Company.

This is the greatest voltage that has ever been obtained and, according to the laboratory experts, says a Central News wire, the transmutation of matter is now no longer beyond the reach of science, and with it the production of diamonds.

'PLANE TURNS TURTLE.

Pilot Pinned to Ground and Passenger's Ribs Broken.

Flying from Manchester to Brough, Yorkshire, an aeroplane turned turtle at Broughton, near Briggs, yesterday.

The pilot, named Dickinson, was pinned to the ground and was badly cut about the face, his teeth being knocked out.

A man named Parkins, who was travelling in the machine, had three ribs and his collar-bone fractured.

HARMFUL RENT CONTROL.

"Will Hold Up New Houses," says Minister—Commons Division To-day.

Prolonged existence of rent restrictions would stop the provision of new houses, declared Mr. Neville Chamberlain, when moving in the Commons last night the second reading of the new Rents Bill, which continues control of all grades of houses till 1925.

The Bill contemplated a period of not less than seven years during which control in some form or other would be continued.

Mr. Sidney Webb moved the rejection of the Bill on the grounds that it failed to provide for

LAST DAY.

To-day is the last day for sending in coupons for "Sunday Pictorial" £2,000 Film Contest, in aid of the British Legion. Coupons must be posted to "Sunday Pictorial" Cinema Contest, 26, Eccleston-square, S.W. 1, to-day without fail.

A reduction in the permitted increases in rent and gave further power to the landlord to coerce the tenant.

Sir Frederick Banbury regretted the Minister had not decontrolled all houses at once.

Mr. G. W. H. Jones, on the other hand, hoped that there would be an extension of the period of two years.

The debate was adjourned till to-day, when an important division is expected.

TRAM DRIVER'S LOST NERVE.

Accidental Death was the Leeds inquest verdict yesterday on seven people killed in the recent tram smash.

The jury found that the accident happened through the driver losing his nerve and that he failed in his duty in leaving his post.

MOTOR POLICE HUNT

Prisoner Breaks from Gaol After Felling Warder.

GOVERNOR'S ROOM RAID.

After striking a warder on the head with the heavy wooden handle of a pick, and locking himself in a room, a man who was undergoing a sentence in the Norfolk Prison for warehouse breaking, yesterday escaped.

Mounted, foot and motor cycle police were last evening searching for the man, who was thought to be making for the coast.

He is Charles Baker, twenty-six, a painter, who was working in one of the rooms of the governor's house when suddenly he felled

Warder L. A. Roberts. After slipping into the governor's room, where he stole £17 and clothing, the man climbed through a window, crossed a lawn, and gained the high road.

The search for Baker continued throughout the night. The latest theory is that he is travelling towards Lincolnshire and the North.

He escaped wearing a Donegal tweed jacket, brown herring-bone pattern trousers, khaki socks, and a red and blue striped shirt.

Baker is 5ft. 6in. in height, has fresh complexion, black hair, hazel eyes, is well built, and has 14to marks on his right forearm and centre of chest.

The warder, who was rendered unconscious by the blow, is in hospital with a fractured skull and not expected to live.

Mr. Roberts, a widow, has been allowed to go to her relatives in Chicago, and Mrs. Demitro has joined her husband, an American citizen in New York.

WOMAN GLIDER.

Mlle. Boland to Compete with Men at Motorless Flying Festival.

Mlle. Boland, the Frenchwoman, who has already shown wonderful efficiency in piloting aeroplanes, will endeavour to emulate the feats of the French men champions in a forthcoming festival of motorless flying.

There are indications also that in other great events being organised in various countries the new thrills of "wind riding" will not be experienced by men alone.

Women are beginning to play a more important part in flying.

Already, in America, designers are seeking women's advice on the improved construction and equipment of luxurious little "aerial coupes."

Fair owner-drivers will be able to make shopping and social trips in these handy little machines.

FIRMER HAND IN RUHR.

Brussels Decision to Tighten the Screw—"Resistance Must Stop."

The pressure in the Ruhr is to be increased to compel Germany to fulfil her obligations. No German proposals will be considered till passive resistance in the Ruhr has ended.

These are the two outstanding decisions come to yesterday at the conference in Brussels between M. Poincaré, M. Theunis, and French and Belgian Ministers.

An Exchange message states that the conference decided to seize the property of German industrialists who oppose the exploitation of the mines and refuse to light their furnaces. Measures decided upon to deal with German official resistance are kept secret.

DASH FOR PASSPORT.

Major Wins Sprint to Catch Liner to Take Him to New Job.

"Unless I can sail to-day I shall lose my job," said Major David Osborne, who, having received a Government appointment in the Bahamas, arrived at Southampton yesterday in the hope of joining the White Star liner *Homer*.

He had, however, forgotten to get a passport, and was told that the official credentials of his appointment were not sufficient.

The White Star officials kept his luggage at the gangway while the major rushed to the shipping office, to the emigrant office, and to the American Consul. He got an emergency passport and rushed aboard saying, "Won't be half a minute."

CROSS-CHANNEL GLIDER'S SMASH.

While flying from New York to Washington yesterday Mr. Barbot, the cross-channel glider, about a tree and his machine was partially wrecked. Mr. Barbot escaped injury, states Reuter.

ADVERTISING CONVENTION, 1924.

After a hard two-days' session at Atlantic City, British delegates won the 1924 Convention of the Associated Advertising Men's Clubs of the World for London, says *The Daily Mirror* New York correspondent.

MURDER CHARGE AGAINST FATHER.

Headmaster's Story of Money Worries.

BALCONY DRAMA.

"I Heard Something Say, 'Now Is Your Chance.'"

"My wife passed me and leant over the balcony—I think to call the attention of a tradesman. I heard something distinctly say then: 'Now is your chance.' I remember getting hold of her, and a haze came before me which made everything purple."

This statement was made yesterday in the Old Bailey by George Stephen Penny (thirty-seven), headmaster of Marylebone Grammar School, accused of the murder of his daughter Joan, who, it is alleged, he threw from the window of his Maida Vale flat.

A letter was found in Mr. Penny's pocket in which he said he welcomed death. "Joan," he wrote, "is too near an angel, and I could not live with her."

Penny stated he had been in the hands of moneylenders and had suffered from malaria.

DOCTORS' THEORY.

He Suffered from Confusional Insanity—Seeing Red.

Mr. Travers Humphreys, prosecuting, said Penny, after struggling with his wife on the balcony of their flat in Leith Mansions, Maida Vale, threw his child to the ground and jumped after her. In Penny's pocket was found a letter that ran:—

My most dreadful problem has been the fate of my two dear ones. If I could have provided for them or seen any chance of their surviving I would have gone alone, but I cannot, so we shall all three go together. They are all I have and all I care for, and whatever awaits us I humbly hope we may never be separated. Joan is too near an angel and I could not leave her. Her life has been all happiness, thank God.

Penny stated that he was educated at a public school and at Cambridge, and took a first in classical tripos.

In December, 1919, he became headmaster of Marylebone Grammar School at £500 a year, which increased in April last to £725 a year subject to a 10 per cent. reduction.

Mr. Roland Oliver: Can you explain why you were unable to live on that?—Because I was paying such an exorbitant rate of interest to the moneylenders, "I have no recollection," he said, "of the child or of falling over the balcony myself."

On the night before the tragedy, Penny got out of bed to turn on the gas in order to kill himself, his wife and child. "My wife woke up," he said, "put her arms round me to try and comfort me, and the tension seemed to lessen."

Penny's commanding officer in Macedonia said Penny was one of his best officers, but had malignant recurring malaria.

Dr. William Norwood East, medical officer at Brixton Prison, said he thought Penny was suffering from confusional insanity at the time the doctor saw him. The doctor said the case was sane when he tried to kill his wife, but insane when he threw the child from the balcony.

Dr. Francis Henry Edwards said he visited Penny in Brixton Prison, and in his opinion Penny was suffering from exhaustion psychosis in the early part of this year.

Malignant malaria would tend to act as a cause. He felt convinced that exhaustion psychosis culminated in confusional insanity at the very moment he saw the purple colour. That was at the moment he was struggling to throw his wife over the balcony. Seeing red, added the witness, was a perfectly correct expression. The case was adjourned until to-day.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Cloudy, bright periods; warmer. Lighting-up time, 10.10 p.m.

Cancer Campaign.—The King has given £100 to the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

Ship's Cook Missing.—Fred Revell, ship's cook, of *Bootle*, is reported by wireless to be missing from the liner *Oriana*.

Two By-Elections on One Day.—Polling at Morphet and Tiverton is fixed for June 21 and nominations for next Wednesday.

Compulsory Welsh.—The Glamorgan County Education Committee has proposed that all English teachers unless they learn Welsh.

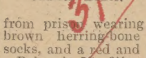
Woman Cathedral Glazier.—Exeter, which possesses the only woman stockbroker, has now also the only woman cathedral glazier.

Banker's Death.—Sir Denison Miller, Governor of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, has died suddenly, says a Melbourne wire.

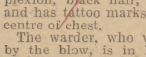
Battleships to Visit Thant.—The battleships *Barham*, *Malaya*, *Valiant* and *Warspite* will visit Deal from June 29 to July 3, while *Revenge* and *Ramillies* visit Margate.



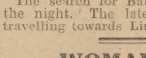
Charles Baker.



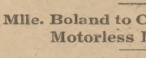
Mlle. Boland.



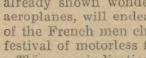
George Penny.



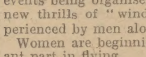
Sir H. E. Duke.



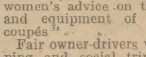
Joan Penny.



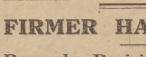
Mr. Travers Humphreys.



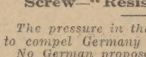
Dr. William Norwood East.



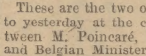
Dr. Francis Henry Edwards.



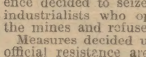
Mr. Neville Chamberlain.



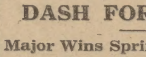
M. Poincaré.



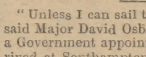
M. Theunis.



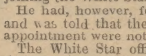
Dr. William Norwood East.



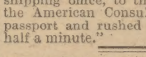
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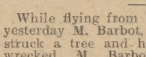
Mr. Neville Chamberlain.



M. Poincaré.



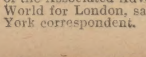
M. Theunis.



Dr. William Norwood East.



Dr. Francis Henry Edwards.



Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

DONOGHUE'S 'HAT TRICK' DERBY: PAPYRUS ROMANCE

Tenant-Farmer Beats Millionaire Owners with Colt Bought Out of Ascot Gains.

TOWN GUARD, THE FAVOURITE, IS UNPLACED

Luck of the "P's": Pharos Second and Parth Third—Prince Sees Great Race.

Steve Donoghue, the world's most famous jockey, completed the "hat-trick" yesterday when he won his third successive Derby, this time on Papyrus. Result:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| PAPYRUS (Mr. B. Irish), 100 to 15 | 1 |
| PHAROS (Lord Derby), 6 to 1 | 2 |
| PARTH (Mr. M. Goulding), 33 to 1 | 3 |

Town Guard, who was favourite at 5 to 1, finished in the rear. In the parade of horses Town Guard was accompanied by two detectives.

Mr. Ben Irish, the owner of Papyrus, who beat all the millionaire owners, is an East Anglian tenant farmer. He began as a "one-horse" owner, and bought Papyrus out of his winnings when Perseus won the Ascot Gold Cup. Papyrus cost 3,500 guineas. Yesterday's Derby prize was worth about £10,000.

Although the King and Queen were unable to see the Derby run, the Prince of Wales was there and received a great ovation.

TURF'S BIGGEST PRIZE FOR "STRUGGLING FARMER."

How Ascot Gold Cup Winner Founded Turf Fortunes.

TRAGEDY OF TOWN GUARD.

By BOUVIERE.

Romance has once again crept into the Derby.

Mr. Ben Irish—who has never owned more than two horses at a time—beat all the millionaires with Papyrus in the great race yesterday, and Donoghue, his jockey, performed the unequalled feat of riding the winner for the third year in succession.

Mr. Irish's turf career reads almost like a chapter from a novel.

His first good horse—bought for 280 guineas—was Perseus, whose early career gave no promise of the great things he was destined to accomplish.

But the one horse owned by the man who described himself as a "struggling agriculturist" went on from strength to strength, and one fine afternoon at Ascot in 1921 Mr. Irish found himself leading back the winner of the Gold Cup.

With his racing fortunes founded, the lucky owner invested some of the winnings at the autumn bloodstock sales, and the baby he bought was—Papyrus.

£10,000 DERBY PRIZE.

The cost was 3,500 guineas, and as a two-year-old he won £285 more than the first stakes. Yesterday's prize was in the neighbourhood of £10,000.

That is the romantic side of the Derby of 1923. The tragedy was Town Guard.

Favourite right up to the finish, Lord Woolvington's colt was well enough away and well enough placed in the early stages to win if he had been good enough. But he had fizzled out long before the horses reached Tattenham Corner.

It was at that famous point that Donoghue again brought home with wonderful force his genius for the course.

Drawn almost in the same position at the start as he had been in Captain Cuttle a year before—towards the outside—he once again contrived to get the rails. And he kept them to the finish.

THREAT BY PHAROS.

Pharos, with Lord Derby watching him with anxious eyes from the balcony of the Jockey Club stand, once just headed Mr. Irish's colt, but at the number board—where Huronist won his race—Donoghue gave Papyrus the same vigorous push, and the danger had passed.

An invalid at the Durdans, Lord Rosebery was not present to see Ellangowan's failure. Before the race the colt was taken into the grounds for his owner to inspect him.

Unfortunately a groom mist enveloped the course just before the race was started, and apart from the first three furlongs and the stretch from Tattenham Corner, very little could be seen of the running.

Town Guard and Legality had both given some trouble at the post, but both got well enough away, and the only sufferer was Parth.

Saltash, the chief hope of the Manion stable—Bold and Bad carried Lord Rosebery's second colours—was the first to take a slight lead, with Pharos, Knockando, Town Guard, Legality and Papyrus at his heels.

Legality kept his place in great style going up the hill, and his position when they again came into view suggested that he had not the ability or the inclination to face the descent with the same heartiness.

(Continued on page 12.)



Mr. F. Cawthorne. Miss Cawthorne and her brother share the £10,000 first prize in an Irish sweepstake.

THRILLED CROWDS WATCH DONOGHUE'S VICTORY.

Pharos Just Fails to Change "Luck of the Stanleys."

DUEL AMID SILENCE.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Donoghue's victory was one of the most thrilling ever seen at Epsom.

It was a battle between two horses, one ridden by the world-famous jockey, and the other ridden by a jockey who had set his heart on winning the classic for Lord Derby, whose family founded the race but have failed to win it for over a century.

The great crowd grew silent with tense excitement as the horses came into the straight. Then the fierce duel between Papyrus and Pharos began in earnest.

Pharos was winning! The crowd held its breath; all heads craned towards the thin ribbon of grass over which the horses were thundering.

PAPYRUS FORGES AHEAD.

Donoghue's mount slowly drew level, went ahead and won. As Papyrus flew past the post there was a great shout which had in it as much relief as joy.

Donoghue had won the Derby for the third time in succession, and he had his reward in the ovation of the crowd.

As his horse was led in he sat flushed and sweating in smiles. Gardner, on Pharos, looked disappointed. It was clear that he had set his heart on changing "the luck of the Stanleys." He had lost by a narrow margin.

The Prince of Wales, in silk hat and morning dress, followed the horses out of the paddock when they were led to the starting post. When the crowd caught sight of the Prince he received a tremendous cheer.

DONOGHUE'S MOTHER.

Hoists Flag at Home in Honour of Her Son's Triple Win.

When she learned that Donoghue had recorded his third success in the Derby his mother, who resides in Eileaners-st., Warrington (Lancs), hoisted a flag in honour of the record event.

M.P.'S' DERBY VISIT.

Saw Donoghue, Who Gave Them the Tip for Papyrus.

Mr. Isaac Foot, a member of the Select Committee on Betting, who with other members of the Committee visited the Derby said:—

"Our main impression was the big scale on which betting is carried out and the small part played in the whole business by horse racing."

Mr. Foot added that on their arrival at Epsom they were accosted by a cripple, who said, "Good luck to you, and if Papyrus does not win you can cut my legs off."

They also had the tip direct from Donoghue, to whom they were introduced.

RECORD ROAD AND RAIL RUSH.

Police Cyclists Act on Wireless Messages from Aeroplane.

For the first time the enormous road traffic, which was heavier than last year and a record for the Derby, was controlled by an ingenious combination of wireless between an aeroplane police tender on the road, and another at the Grand Stand.

Colonel Laurie, head of the traffic department of Scotland Yard, said many messages from the air reporting blocks in traffic were attended to by motor cyclists, and traffic diverted.

An amazing feature of the crowd was the number of women who were in the Downs. Charabancs after charabancs contained large contingents.

Rail traffic was also a record. "We carried 10,000 more passengers than last year," said an official of the Great Eastern Railway.

Manchester—Epsom 2hr. 10min.—Flying from Manchester to Croydon, where motor cars awaited them, a party of racegoers reached Epsom 2hr. 10min. after leaving the North.

FACTORY GIRL WINS

£31,517 'SWEEP' PRIZE.

Man Who Drew £12,000 Gives £4,000 to "Bart's."

WAITRESS SHARES £10,000

Brother and Sister Benefit—"Smith for Luck" Succeeds.

A Yorkshire factory girl has won £31,000, a London waitress £5,000 and a London restaurant owner £4,500 in the Derby sweeps.

The premier sweepstake in this country was that organised by the Otley (Yorks) Unionist Club, in which Papyrus was drawn by Mrs. Nellie Ford, of Pembroke-street, Skipton, who receives £31,517.

Mrs. Ford is a factory worker. As soon as her luck was known she had an offer of £3,000 for her chance, which fortunately she declined.

Three Grimsby men—Messrs. Herbert Marshall, C. Wright and S. Wright—benefit from the Otley sweepstake to the extent of nearly £10,000 as a result of Pharos being second. They sold half of their chance of £15,700 for £2,000.

Parth in the same draw went to Mrs. Grace Partington, of Heywood, near Manchester, who



Mr. P. Mansi. Mr. C. Knowland. wins £7,879. She bought her ticket, No. 72,953, because the two final figures made 45, her lucky number.

Mr. J. C. Crowther, of Edmondson, who drew Doris, wins £3,939.

Miss Jessie Bickley, of Harrogate, who has won the £10,000 prize in the Cork Hospital sweep, had the ticket given her, and she entered in the name of "Smith for Luck," because she has had no sweepstake luck in her own name. Miss Bickley is a secretary-clerk, aged twenty-one.

LAST IN THE BOOK.

The winner of the Smithfield Market Derby sweepstake was Mr. Charles Knowland, of Messrs. Knowland Bros., wholesale wine and spirit merchants, Charing Cross-chambers, W.C. He is handing £4,000 of the £12,000 prize to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The ticket was bought by another member of the club and offered to several members before he got Mr. Knowland to buy it for £1. It was the last ticket in the book.

Pharos in the Cork Hospital sweep was drawn by Mr. Pasquale Mansi, who, with three brothers, owns a small restaurant off Fleet-street, London. It wins him £4,500. He bought twenty-three tickets at 10s. each from a newsboy. Pharos was the only horse he drew.

Drew the First Three.—A Daily Mirror reader writes stating that in a sweepstake in his office one member purchased three tickets, and drew Papyrus, Pharos and Parth, thus securing the three prizes.

GIRL DREAMS OF WINNER.

Brother to Give Up His Work—Mother Now Provided For.

Miss Cawthorne, a waitress at Queen Anne Chambers Restaurant, St. James' Park, S.W., and her brother, Mr. A. F. Cawthorne, an hotel waiter, of Bush Hill Park, Enfield, share £10,000 as a result of Pharos being second, and drew Papyrus, Pharos and Parth, thus securing the three prizes.

Mr. Fred Cawthorne, in an interview last night said: "I was speechless when I saw Donoghue win."

Mr. Cawthorne mentioned that he also won £14 on Papyrus on the course. "I do not know what I am going to do with the money," he added, "but I must give up my job at the end of the week and make room for another man."

"You can say that the money has come to the right house, and it will keep my mother and my brother, who was gassed in the war, comfortably for the rest of their days."

Mrs. Cawthorne is seventy-four and has five sons, all of whom served in the war.

Miss Anne Cawthorne, who went to the Derby with her brother, said: "I was quite content that Papyrus would win. Before the horse was drawn I dreamed three nights running of Papyrus, and I told my mother I should draw that horse in the sweep."



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Buy your Milk by the pound,
— use it by the spoonful.

Milkmaid Household Milk is machine skimmed milk, from which only the water has been eliminated. Dried milk that is just like cow's milk to use and to taste with tea, coffee or cocoa, and for all household and cooking purposes. Here is an unfailing supply of milk from Devonshire always to hand—clean, fresh and pure—in a handy, practical form. Will keep for many months. Only needs mixing with water to give you a clean liquid milk with the real milk flavour.

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is the exact counterpart of the richest and best full cream dairy milk—the most perfect and convenient food for babies from birth. Milkal is not a patent food or preparation—just clean cow's milk without the water.

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is made of finest soft surgical rubber, and instantly relieves the inflamed, sensitive area from pressure, prevents shoe bulging, and gradually reduces the enlargement. Men's and Women's sizes, rights and lefts. PRICE, Each 2/6

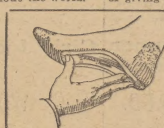
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give instant relief and permanent correction to all foot troubles. Adjustable to individual requirements, Dr. Scholl's Appliances are approved by the medical profession throughout the world.

Visitors to St. Bartholomew's Fair are cordially invited to call at our Showrooms opposite the Ho-pital. Demonstrations of Dr. Scholl's method of giving foot relief will be held—advice free.



DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX
straightens distorted, crooked toes. Restores normal muscular action, and mechanically corrects bunions. Worn comfortably in your ordinary shoes. Men's and women's sizes. Each 2/-



DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT-EAZER
affords comfort and relief in a moment to tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat foot, etc. Worn comfortably and unobtrusively in your ordinary shoes. Price, per pair, 1/0/6.



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made in three sizes, for corns, bunions and calluses. Prevent rubbing, pressure and friction. Self-adhesive—no strapping. Put one on—the pain is gone. Price, per packet, 1/-.

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EXHIBITIONS.

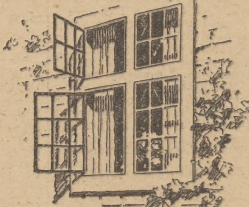
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MARRIED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS.
Friday, June 8, at 3 p.m. Price as usual.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—Nightly, 8.15. Mats. To-day and Sat. 2.30.
BATTLING BUTLER. Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Timmes.
ALDWYCH—To-day, at 2.30, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY.
Wed. Thurs 7.30. Yvonne Arnaud, F. Walla, R. L. Evans.
ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5084). Daily, 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45.
WED. TO BE SURPRISED. Musical Prices, 3s. to 6s.
AMBASSADORS—8.45. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.
Maggio Alhambra, Edna Best. Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barry. To-day at 2.30 and 8.15. Mat. Tu. Th. 2.30.
COMEDY—Every Evening, at 8.30. "SECRETS."
Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues and Fri. 2.30.
COURT—(Gerr. 584). Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Thurs. 2.30.
The New Musical Success. "FEDLER'S POND."
COVENT GARDEN—British National Opera Co. To-night 8.30. BUTTERFLY. Fri. 7.30. SIEGFRIED.
CRITERION—9 p.m. CHAUCER'S HAWTIREY.
JACK STRAW. Mats. Every Tues. and Sat. 2.30.
DOLBY—THE MERRY WIDOW.
Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.
DRURY LANE—(Gerr. 3584). Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 8.15.
H. A. Saintsbury in NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY.
DUKE OF YORK'S HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND.
To-day, 2.30, 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. (Last Week).
EMPIRE—Last Week. Evgs. 8.30. To-day and Sat. 2.30.
THE RAINBOW. Daphne Pollard, Tubby Kellin, etc.
GAITEY. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ.
Evgs. 8.30. Mat. To-day, 2.30. (Last 4 performances).
GARRICK—(Gerr. 3815). Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "Partners Again." Polish and Perimeter in the Motor Business.
GLADE—8.30 Evgs. Wed. Fri. 2.30. "The Voice outside." Followed at 9 (Evgs.) 3 (Mats) by "Aren't We All?"
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—(Hamm. 6610). Nightly, 8. "Whirl of Joy." Haywards, etc.
HAYMARKET. ISABEL EDWARD and ANNE. Evgs. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. Thurs. 8.30.
HIPPODROME—8.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON.
Billy Merson, Lupino Lane, Paul Whiteman and Band.
HIS MAJESTY—8.30. Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "Partners in 'Oliver Cromwell.'" by John Drinkwater.
LITTLE—(Regent 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE.
Evgs. 9. Mats. Mon. and Th. 2.45. Red. Mat. Fri. 2.30.
LONDON PAVILION—Evgs. 8.15. To. Sat. 2.30. DOVER STREET TO DIXIE.
LYCEUM—7.45. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Branley Wilkins in "Deeds, Corridors, and the 401."
LYRIC—Evgs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. "LILAC TIME." A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 3637).
MUSIC HALLS—Evgs. 8.30. THE LONDON OPERA. Mats. Wed. Sat. at 2.30. 1245TH PERFORMANCE.
MARKEVINE'S THEATRE—Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "EASTERN AND WESTERN MAGIC, etc., etc."
NEW—(Reg. 4466). MATTHEW LANG in "THE BAD MAN." At 2.30 and 8.30. Last 2 Performances.
NEW—(Reg. 4466). Commencing Saturday next, at 8. MATTHEW LANG in "THE CAUTION CAUTION."
NEW OXFORD—8.30. Sat. 2.30. "COMMENT ON ECCE HISTORIC" and "UN SECRET DE ROMAN."
NEW OXFORD—To-day at 2.30. ELIZABETH DUNLEY in "Lady from the Sea." Mats. 12, 14, 19, 21, 26.
PLACE. Irving Berlin. Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
REX. Nightly 8.20. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. Gladys Cooper. "MAGDA." To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES—(Gerr. 7482). 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Anglo-American Revue. "THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE."
QUEEN'S BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE. Evgs. 8.30. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Madge Titheradge, Norman McKinnel.
REGENCY KING'S X. (Museum 3160). THE INSIDE PLAY. Nightly, 8.30. Mats. To-day and Sat. 2.30. (Last Week).
ROYALTY—(Gerr. 3815). Evgs. 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Denis Eadie, Jean Cadell. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

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The most exquisite of all modern window decorations is a Lace Curtain of ALL-BRITISH MANUFACTURE

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SAVOY—2.30 and 8.15. POLLY. Mats. Mon. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. PITT CHATHAM. LILIAN DAVIES. ST. JAMES'S. Evnings, at 8.30. THE OUTSIDER. Isobel Elsom, Leslie Elsom. Wed. Fri. 2.30. ST. MARTIN'S—Evgs. 8.30. R.U.R. Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30. "The Talk of the Town."—Morning Post. SCALA (New). THE MAISONNETTE PLAYERS. SHAFTESBURY. Evnings, at 8.30. "Opportunity Makes the Thief." 2.30. Musical Farce. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. STRAND—At 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. STOP FLIRTING. O'Sullivan's "ANNA CHRISTIE." G. Mason, P. Shannon. VAUDEVILLE—Evgs. 8.30. Tu. Wed. Fri. 2.30. BATS! 8. Charles Rennie, Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence. WINTER GARDEN—Evgs. 8.30. The Cabaret Guild. Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Henson. Th. and Sat. 2.15. WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." New Play. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. COLISEUM—(Gerr. 1844). 2.30. 7.45. "Tannhäuser." Act 1. Scene 1. Aurea, Harry Tate, Poppy Piazynsky. PALLADIUM—(Gerr. 1008). 2.30. 6.45. Veterans of Variety Dorothy Ward, Bert Errol, Hilda Glyder, etc. NEW GALLERY. Regent-st. Wallace Reid in "THE SALES" (Goldwyn). Daily, 2.45, 6.9. Sun. 6.40. PHILHARMONIC. Gt. Portland-st. Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. ROMANTIC INDIA. Souvenir Sat. Eve. PHILHARMONIC—WITH ALLENBY IN PALESTINE. Special revival all next week 2.30 and 8.30. POLYTECHNIC. The Wonderful of Big Game. Three Daily 2.30, 5.15 and 8.30. 1s. 5s. to 5s. 9d. STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway—1.45 to 10.30. "The Voice from the Minaret."—Two Weeks with Pass.

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Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade adverts, 1s. 6d. per word: Birthdays—Kidd. MATS. are you caring? Insert message.—B. Leyton. HEARTS Delight—Violets, remembrance, love. Happy Birthdays—Kidd. "The Psychology of Luck."—Which would you have? Good luck or bad? You can't have both! Send sixpence to cover printing and postage, etc., for this "interesting and inspiring booklet."—The J.P. Society. Imperial Buildings, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4. SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; India only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gate, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. THE WONDERFUL of Big Game. Special revival all next week 2.30 and 8.30. GREY hair.—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone; trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st. W.C. 2. SSB the name Cadbury on every piece of chocolate.

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A.T.—Earn big money as a stenographer; stamp for booklet. Art Studios—12 and 13, Henrietta-st., Strand, W.C. 2. T. Parents and Guardians.—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd. (est. 26 years). Cable and Wireless Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for these services and positions obtaining moderate fee.—Apply for prospectus, D.M. 262, Earl's Court Rd. S.W. 5. 60 TO 25 per cent can be earned.—No outlay; beautiful Stationery and Fancy Goods at wonderful prices; active agents, either sex; whole or spare time; elegant Sample Book free.—15, Market-lane, during Art Stationery Co. 26, Piccadilly, near Manchester. 60 WEEKLY—Easy home work; no canvassing; advertisement enclosed.—Dean Co. D.M., Durham-road; Sheffield.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS. HASTINGS and St. Leonards for your Holidays.—One Room, Bath, and Continental Breakfast. Visitors.—For full details write Box D.M. Town Hall, Hastings. ISLE OF MAN for Holidays.—Bracing air; beautiful scenery; all special amusements; H.M. Guide and sailings free; also apartment list.—M. W. Clague, 27, Imbrie-st., London, E.C. 4. NORFOLK Broads Holidays.—300 Wharries, Yachts, etc., for hire, 180 pages list free, post 2d.—Blake's Broads Co., 22, Newgate-st., London.

THE PARADE OF DERBY RUNNERS, THE FINISH AND GLIMPSES OF THE DENSE EPSOM CROWD



The parade in front of the crowded stands before the race. Saltash leads, followed by Bold and Bad, Apron, Pharos and Legality.



Nearing the finish, with Papyrus and Pharos leading. Also a section of the dense crowd that stretched along the rails.

Drink and Use More Fresh Milk

Try this Recipe

JUNKET.

1 quart of milk; 1 dessertspoonful prepared rennet; sugar to taste; grated nutmeg.

Heat the milk to blood heat, no more. Add the sugar, stir in the rennet and pour at once into a glass dish or into small custard glasses. Grate a little nutmeg on the top. A little whipped cream put in lumps over the junket is a great improvement.

The important thing to remember is that the milk must *never* get hot—only just warm—or the curd will not set.

COFFEE JUNKET is made in exactly the same way, with the addition of a few spoonfuls of coffee essence or strong black coffee—just enough to colour and flavour.

Free.—The recipe quoted in this announcement is taken from "Fifty Good Milk Recipes." A free copy of this book will be sent to any address on application to the Secretary of the National Milk Publicity Council.

The milk supplied by your dairyman contains its full proportion of cream. **Fresh, whole milk** is unequalled in food value.

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Sunday Afternoon

All work was finished Saturday, quietness reigns supreme, and even mother can now have a real rest. The home is spotless, everybody and every bed has had a clean change, for mother believes in thorough cleanliness and always uses Watson's Matchless Cleanser. The work of this good pure soap is to make work lighter, to make cheerfulness abound, and to prove to the world there is no soap equal to

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| BOURNVILLE ASSORTMENT | 9 1/2 | " | " | " |
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See the name **CADBURY** on every piece of Chocolate



The SECRET

of success in home baking is to use plain pastry flour and mix it, at baking time, with

**BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER**

By this means you will ensure the lightest, most digestible and wholesome cakes, pastry, puddings and pies, and avoid all risk of disappointment.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1923.

PAPYRUS WINS.

THE victory of Papyrus at yesterday's Derby was dramatic, but so would almost any other victory have been, in a race where chances were so eagerly canvassed and balanced all round, that, on the course just before the start, one had the impression that there were as many favourites as horses. And, after all, a victory is never unexpected by those who backed the winner. At least so they tell you—afterwards.

Anyhow, an "uncertain" Derby naturally gives the best value for money—lost or won. It keeps up excitement to the last. We do not like foregone conclusions in games of chance.

We do like rather better weather. But here the spirit of the day conquered the depression from the sky.

It was, as we anticipated, an overcoat Derby, as, alas, it may be an Ascot in furs. But shouts of "We don't mind the weather!" revealed the wise British determination to "carry on," in spite of climate. Indeed, the best way of treating our summers is to ignore them—to treat them as though they weren't there, as indeed they mostly aren't.

The remaining "feature" of this year at Epsom was the presence of the Betting Committee, who arrived not as a Committee but as individuals—prudently perhaps, in case it should be supposed that they came with horrid designs upon the Englishman's favourite sport.

We hope they have had a glimpse of the better side of betting. We hope they have not been shocked at the amazing predominance of a thing that some people think so evil that it ought only to be allowed to go on nearly everywhere, but never to be "recognised officially."

BIOGRAPHIES.

MR. ASQUITH has justly remarked that there are far too many biographies in contemporary literature. There are. But it is unlikely that they will grow shorter or fewer.

For a biography is one way of securing a measure of posthumous fame for the subject—or the victim.

He is dead. He is at peace. He is beginning to be forgotten. Suddenly his "Life" appears in any size, from one to ten volumes.

The reviewers have to review it. It gets talked about for a season. It is a sort of resurrection or a celebrity who was becoming obscure.

Besides that, the celebrity's "pious" relatives or friends quote honourably and naturally desire to put the case from his point of view, and in that sense the biography of one leads to the "Lives" of others.

For those others will never be satisfied with the account given by number one; as Boswell wasn't satisfied with what Mrs. Piozzi wrote about Dr. Johnson, and as few were pleased with what Froude said about Carlyle.

This applies especially to politicians.

Mr. Asquith complains that he has read at least twelve biographical accounts of the Home Rule controversy. Inevitably! Mr. Gladstone's being given, Mr. Parnell's must reply to it, and Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt and the former Duke of Devonshire must intervene with developments and corrections. There will be a good many more—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's, for instance.

Biography is thus, in politics, a prolongation of defunct arguments as well as of extinct personalities. But after all you needn't read them—unless you happen to be a reviewer. And even then.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Intellect annals fast; so far as a man thinks, he is free.—Emerson.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

After the Derby—The Care of Pets—Shabby Fashions—Salaries and Professions—"Camera Cannot Lie."

"THE CAMERA" CANNOT LIE.

YOUR cartoon on the Derby reminds me that once upon a time most people believed that a horse could not have all four legs off the ground at once!

This absurd theory was, of course, disproved by the camera, but it affords an interesting proof of the many theories the camera has upset.

Acton.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

DERBY WINNERS.

YOUR contributor seems to think that in nearly every case the man who wins a Derby sweepstake rarely deserves it, is not in need of money, and so on.

This year, at my firm, a commissionaire drew yesterday's winner in the very large sweepstake

BOY PSYCHOLOGY.

THERE are very few boys who would appreciate "kindness" on the part of a teacher, the majority would mistake it for "weakness," and the teacher would receive treatment accordingly.

What seems to be necessary is that a teacher should possess the faculty for understanding each boy's temperament.

Some boys are sensitive and need careful handling, but most, like puppies, only understand discipline firmly enforced. SCHOLASTIC.

SALARIES AND PROFESSIONS.

EVERYBODY will agree with "W. M." that the prospect of a pension makes all the difference.

One would take £500 a year willingly if one

"BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME."



Good resolutions "not to do it again" are generally made by losers after the Derby. But how few keep to their resolve!

which included every department in the very large building. This particular man deserved to win, for he is an ex-soldier and has a wife and child to support.

F. A. W.

HOW DO THEY BET?

IT is amusing to note the motives that prompt people to put money on horses.

Most women seem to choose by the colours and by names. If they like the name of a horse they will take some risk for it.

Men, on the other hand, always have private "technical" information. Some racing friend has told them that a horse looks very well and seems very fit. Or else, like sheep, they follow one another in mysterious "fancies" that rise up like rumours in the office or in the street.

NOT A BITTING MAN.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

PEOPLE who cannot give proper attention to pets shouldn't keep them. I know many who have dogs and cats, but simply let them wander in the streets.

On the other hand, I know a young man who has a very trustworthy old dog as a pal. He bathes the dog regularly every week, and only allows him to go out accompanied. If the dog has been out in the rain he is immediately dried with a rough towel and combed before being allowed to nestle down on his favourite mat.

An animal proves a very worthy friend if it is well looked after and cared for.

Nothing grieves me so much as to see a dog running after a bicycle bearing its master or mistress. It is a cruel thing to let a dog run after a fast-moving vehicle. —LOVER OF DOGS.

know that at a retiring age one were to get a pension of, say, £300. One wants double that salary if one is supposed to save out of it for old age.

In any profession the successful are always well paid. One ought, therefore, to take the standard salary, or average earnings. Judged by this standard, I think the Civil Service is the most attractive of professions, because salaries are absolutely secure.

F. J. K.

SHABBY HATS AND CLOTHES.

MEN love to wear shabby hats and suits. I do! I am never so happy as when I am dressed in my oldest suit, with an old felt hat.

Few men nowadays bother about clothes, since the material is very poor—and dear at that! Nearly every masculine hat one sees in the street is dirty and dusty.

A man in my office used to go about very shabbily dressed. He would wear very down-at-heel shoes and a dusty old overcoat and hat.

But now he is married his whole appearance has changed. He wears smart shoes, covered by goloshes in the wet weather, and has a smart velours hat.

MAN WITH A SHABBY HAT.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 6.—Give runner beans sticks without delay and weed and hoe along the rows. Do not allow the plants to stand too thickly. When plenty of flowers have opened on the broad beans, the tops should be nipped off. This will prevent the plants from being attacked by black fly and hasten the formation of pods.

E. P. T.

A GREAT ACTRESS RETURNS TO LONDON.

ELEONORA DUSE AS SOME OF US REMEMBER HER.

By WILLIAM MORROWE.

THIS afternoon Eleonora Duse, the greatest of living actresses, makes her reappearance, after a long interval of retirement, at the New Oxford Theatre.

I am told that the younger generation are coming from all parts of England to see her.

They have grown from childhood to manhood and womanhood since Duse was last in this country. They have heard of her from the "old players," who remember her as the supreme exponent of perfect truth upon the stage.

To us, Duse was not (like Sarah Bernhardt) the incarnation of romantically poetical characters. She was, above all, a modern woman, who seemed to live and suffer upon the stage, who went always with unflinching realism to the essence of a situation.

She lacked rhetorical power. Her Cleopatra was a comparative failure. Her Francesca (in D'Annunzio's play) I found colourless, vague. A big situation (like that in the third act of the same author's "La Gioconda") she often seemed to me to miss. Obvious emphasis didn't appeal to her. It was in other fields that her triumphs were won.

All of us elderly ones recall her exquisite Mirandolina in Goldoni's "La Locandiera"—the dainty hostess of the inn who wins the hearts of all men and yields to none. That was perfect comedy.

SOME OF HER TRIUMPHS.

In the tragic theme we treasure our recollection of her Magda, her Césarine in "La Femme de Claude," her Marguerite in "La Dame aux Camélias," her last act in "La Gioconda," her Mrs. Tanqueray—above all, the end—and her Odette in Sardou's forgotten play.

And of these I signalise, as most memorable, her magnificent contempt of her unworthy lover in "Magda"—the manner of unutterable scorn with which she fingered his card as it was handed to her, her defiance of her dull family, the great cry of "I am I: io sono io!" Who can forget it?

And then the way in which she showed her awakening love for Armand in "La Dame aux Camélias," her exquisite reading of the letter from him in the second act, her magnificent cry of "Armando!" as she followed him, with agonised reproaches, in the ballroom scene, her delicate and beautiful death scene at the end.

As to her second act in "La Femme de Claude"—the last attempt of the guilty wife to regain her husband's lost love—it lives with me as the most searching piece of almost too poignant realism I have ever seen in a theatre.

And now—this afternoon?

The young are going. All London (they say) will be there. Do we dare to go?—we who remember her? Shall we spoil our memories—perhaps harm our illusions?

Well, it is a risk. But I for one intend to take it. Simply, I cannot keep away! I am not enthusiastic about Ibsen's most tiresome play—"The Lady of the Sea." But there is Duse. And Italian friends assure me that she is ever the same—an artist of the first order; one of those who can be seen only once or twice in a century.



You Need ZAM-BUK when Your Skin is "below par."

If you have a tendency to skin trouble of any sort you should dress your skin daily with Zam Buk. The rare tonic and curative properties of this pure herbal balm will quickly restore the skin to a clear, healthy state, and protect it from the ravages of serious disease.

THERE'S NOTHING TO EQUAL ZAM-BUK.



Photo by
Johnson Ltd.
Miss Phyllis Vismas writes:
"Swan Down makes my skin
look so fresh and smooth and
natural."

Miss Dorothy Dickson says: "I
use Swan Down because of its
perfect purity, and because it
makes my skin look so soft and
velvety."



Photo by
Natura Ltd.



Photo by
Foulsham and Hanfeld.
Miss Peggy O'Neil says: "Swan
Down is delightfully fine and
smooth, and its colour is perfectly
matched to my own colouring."



Miss Alice Calhoun writes:
"Swan Down is ideally suited
to my complexion, and its
fineness and purity mean a
great deal to me."

More beautiful women use this powder than use any other kind

To-day, as for the last 50 years, this one face powder is more used by beautiful women, to keep their complexions velvety and natural, than is any other powder in Great Britain

When pretty women are annoyed by these faults in their skin—when their noses and foreheads become shiny, their colour spotty and uneven, their whole complexion wan and tired looking—then you will find them using one powder more than any other.

For women have found that these flaws of complexion, so common, so little, yet so noticeable and ugly, cannot be cured by just any powder.

How many times they have powdered carefully, only to have the powder drop or blow off, leaving their skin as shiny as before. How many times they have tried to tone off with powder the spotty redness that damp and chill winds bring, and again the powder has quickly fallen off, or the colour did not perfectly match their own tone of skin, and has made them look even more unnatural than the redness. And many other times they have made themselves look powdered and artificial, because the powder they used was not fine enough to smooth evenly and thinly over the many tiny irregularities in the skin.

For 50 years beautiful women have preferred this powder

But women gradually learned that one powder

has been formulated to do just the things they had always been seeking in a powder, and never found before.

They found that Swan Down had just the proportion of adherent ingredients to make it cling to the skin for hours even in wind and dampness.

That its five colours—cream, pink, flesh, white, and brunette—had been so carefully worked out to match every type of feminine skin that each woman can always find a Swan Down shade that blends with her own colouring in a way that is absolutely invisible.

That Swan Down is sifted and re-sifted to such minute fineness that it smooths over the skin's little ridges and depressions invisibly but completely.

And besides adding so much to the appearance of their skin, Swan Down gives them the elusive charm of an exquisite, haunting fragrance.

The most used face powder in Great Britain

It is because women everywhere have found that Swan Down so consistently and surely does all the things they most desire of a powder,

that it now is, and has been for many years, the most used face powder in the whole of Great Britain.

If you are troubled by any of these flaws of complexion, so slight, yet so disastrous to one's charm, begin at once to free yourself of them completely, in the simple way so many famous beauties, so many millions of other women are doing.

Start to-day to use this powder that makes the skin look so exquisitely soft and even toned, yet blends so perfectly with your own colour that it is impossible to know that you have powder on at all.

Every chemist, perfumer, and departmental store in the United Kingdom has Swan Down. Because Swan Down is so perfectly formulated to meet women's skin needs that it has the greatest sale of any face powder in Great Britain, it is possible to sell it for the surprisingly low price of 1/- a box.

Sole Agents in the United Kingdom: Henry C. Quelch & Co., 4 & 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

Simple ways to keep your skin looking always soft and natural

Don't use too light a powder

The majority of women use too light a powder—this makes it conspicuous, and gives the skin an artificial look. Swan Down is made in five shades, to suit every possible variation of skin colouring. Though most women will find that Swan Down Pink or Cream will make their skin look its best, there are a few with very fair complexions who should use Swan Down Flesh, and occasionally one who should use Swan Down White (the woman to whom White is best suited is extremely rare); a few of dark complexion should always use Swan Down Brunette.

Powder evenly over the whole face

Smooth the powder over the skin so evenly that it gives a bloom to the whole skin, and so that no powder is visible anywhere. Use the puff skillfully to level the powder right to the edge of the hair, but so that none clings to the hair itself. Powder both the upper and under eyelids, as powdering part of the face and not other parts gives a spotty appearance. Afterwards wipe any powder from the eyebrows and eyelashes with your finger tips.

Powder your neck as well as your face

Powdering your face alone makes your neck look less soft and velvety than your face. Before you sit on your frock, powder your neck lightly to well below where your neck line comes.

If your skin is rough and a bit flaky

A touch of vanishing cream before you powder will smooth down the tiny flakes of dry skin so that the powder will go on smoothly and invisibly. Wipe off any excess of the cream, and then powder carefully all over the face.

Choose a powder that clings

No matter how beautifully soft and natural your skin looks when you first put powder on—this is of small benefit if an hour later your face again looks shiny and a spotted red and white. One of the first things a woman who uses Swan Down always mentions is: "It stays on—your face looks as fresh and natural hours afterwards as when you first powdered."





Among keen racegoers at Epsom was Mrs. Kingscote, here seen with a friend.

THE HAT TRICK.

Wizard of the Course—Americans and Humour—The Burns Play.

NO JOCKEY HAD EVER WON three Derbys till Donoghue got home yesterday on Papyrus. He rode Captain Cattle for Lord Woolavington last year and Humorist for Mr. J. B. Joel in 1921. He has been the champion jockey for the last nine years, though he started badly this season, and up to last month had ridden only seven winners.

The Faithful Rewarded.

Steve Donoghue is a little, sharp-featured Irishman of thirty-seven. He is a wizard with a horse, and for years many thousands of people have put money on the horses he has ridden irrespective of their form. He is said to be without equal in his knowledge of the Epsom course.

A Supreme Effort.

Though he has a keen sense of humour, Donoghue is very temperamental. He had been depressed at his lack of success, and had told his friends that he intended to ride the race of his life yesterday. After his victory he was all smiles. In the evening he came back to the nice flat in Pall Mall, which is his domestic headquarters.

Small Owner's Judgment.

The owner of Papyrus is almost unknown to the general public. Mr. Irish is a farmer in Northamptonshire, and a tenant farmer at that. He is not one of the millionaires. Very few Derbys fall to what is known as the small owner. He bought the horse at Doncaster yearling sales at a price far beyond his usual amount, but the colt is now "worth its weight in gold."

"Feminine Instinct."

Yesterday I mentioned that the women's horse was Papyrus. They made their selection by "instinct" in the belief that Donoghue was destined to win his third Derby. In this case instinct spoke truer than reason.

The Prince's Party.

The Prince of Wales arrived by special train about one. Prior to the big race he inspected the horses in the paddock. Included in his party I noticed the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Lord Derby, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Stanley and the Duke of Northumberland.

Princess Mary.

Princess Mary, with whom was Viscount Lascelles, arrived by car, and was greeted by the Earl of Lonsdale. Mr. Winston Churchill brought his wife. He wore a top hat with a heavy overcoat trimmed with astrakhan.

Lord Rosebery Absent.

The weather kept away at least one distinguished spectator. Lord Rosebery, who is in residence at The Durdans, Epsom, intended to watch the race from a motor-car, but could not face a possible downpour.

Smart Set of the Turf

One of the lights of the smart racing set is Mrs. Ned Clayton, who is always to be found where the big race of the moment is taking place. She has an estate in Northumberland, which belonged to her late husband, but no town house, so that for the dance she is giving to-night she has borrowed 1, Grosvenor-square, from Madame Koch de Goeyreind.



Mrs. Clayton.

Cotillion Again.

This dance is for Mrs. Clayton's daughter, who is a very popular girl. There will be a variation from the usual fox-trot programme, for there is to be a cotillion. This form of entertainment, which used to be a feature of the best balls, has almost died out.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Depressing Day.

A more depressing Derby Day I do not remember. There was a bigger crowd on the road than ever, including an astonishing number of four-wheel cabs—I did not think there were so many left. But over all hung a leaden sky, which at some moments during the morning made it too dark to read. The crowd sung choruses to keep up its spirits.

Women's Derby.

I should think yesterday might go down in Turf history as the Women's Derby, for never have there been so many of the fair sex at the famous meeting. I saw one charabanc in which the only man was the driver, and in many others the women outnumbered the men by eight to one.

The Jockey Club.

Although the Derby is nearing its century and a half, the Jockey Club, whose Stewards act at Epsom, is much older. It was founded as long ago as 1750, and within a few years rules for racing were laid down, which have since required but slight modification.

Distinguished Playgoers.

At the first night of "The Lilies of the Field" at the Ambassadors Theatre there were several people who are not often seen at such functions. One was the Countess of Warwick, who came with her daughter, Lady Marjorie Beckett. Another was Mrs. Winston Churchill, to whom Mr. Eddie Marsh pointed out the celebrities, and a third was Mr. Fred Terry, usually too busy acting himself to see others act. He is getting portly.

New Singer

A very interesting singer, new to London, gave a vocal recital last night. This was Maria Sandra, a pupil of Jean de Reske and Pandolfini. She made her debut last year in the Classical Concert at the Casino, Monte Carlo and will sing there again next season. To-morrow she is singing at the British Embassy in Paris for the Marchioness of Crewe.



Mlle. Maria Sandra.

The Paris Season.

The Paris season promises to be a striking success, my correspondent tells me. Already many foreigners are arriving, although English are greatly outnumbered by Americans and South Americans. Soon there will be the French Derby and the Grand Prix. This year the French season is being filmed under the direction of M. André de Fouquieres, the leader of French society.

French Embassy Ball.

The ball at the French Embassy was a very brilliant affair. The two daughters of the Ambassador helped to do the honours and looked very nice, one in white and the other in red. The big white ballroom was crowded with notabilities, including Lord Derby, Lady Desborough, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Curzon and Mrs. Baldwin. The young people included the Hon. Imogen Grenfell and the Baroness Kathleen Moncheur.

Widow Bride in White.

I hear that Mrs. Capel, who is to be married this morning at Brompton Oratory to Lord Westmorland, is to wear a dress of cream lace, although she has been twice widowed. This marks a new fashion, for widows are usually married in colours.

Those Terrible Biographies!

Mr. Asquith's suggestion of an "agreed chapter" on political events comes too late for the biographies of the eminent Victorians. Were it adopted, the biographies might be as good as a good novel. Instead, even in Morley's Gladstone, the "Octagon" is the one chapter to read again and again.

American Humour.

Mr. H. M. Bateman, the humorous artist, has returned from his first trip to America. He tells me he thinks the American conception of humour is often elementary. "They do not take so much trouble as we do in presenting their subject," he says. "The main thing with them is to 'get over' with the idea." Mr. Bateman has done a set of drawings for *Life*, which is the American counterpart of *Punch*.

Three Years Now!

I think Mr. Nigel Playfair is taking things too much for granted when he talks of a successor to "The Beggar's Opera," for from all indications this play should rival the record run of "Chu Chin Chow." The third anniversary performance ought to count as two, for every number was encored. The performance was broadcast, and Mr. Playfair hoped that those who had heard the play would want to see it.

To Follow.

Mr. Playfair's announcement that John Drinkwater is doing a play on Burns to follow "The Beggar's Opera" came as a surprise. Mr. Drinkwater seems likely to run out of celebrities for his chronicle plays if he keeps on at this pace. I wish he would give us of dramatic rather than an historical Burns, and three acts instead of nine scenes.

The Real Burns?

Mr. Drinkwater has a stiff proposition in Burns. One is intrigued the more because the dramatist has given us Cromwell without the warts and a Lincoln who is a plaster saint—not the real thing. Robbie, he will remember, "dearly lo'd the lasses O." Let him not forget "The Jolly Beggars."

Better Cooking.

It is good news that the London County Council Westminster Technical Institute is now training chefs worthy to vie with those who come to us from foreign parts. A famous French chef once summed the matter up to me as follows: "Your English cuisine," he said, "is excellent. The trouble is that your English cooks so often make a mess of it."

In Famous Company.

I congratulate Mr. D. W. Llewellyn, formerly a London County Council scholar, on having won the Chancellor's prize for English verse, won in the past by Macaulay, Praed, Bulwer Lytton and Tennyson at Cambridge. But why does he write "at length" when he means "at last"?

SENSATIONAL HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

OVER 750 DOCTORS SAY ANYONE CAN GROW AND KEEP ABUNDANT HAIR.

Valuable Illustrated Book Everyone Who Desires Hair Health Must Read.

10,000 COPIES FREE.

AN extraordinary book which has just been issued from the Press, 10,000 copies of which have been set aside for presentation to "The Daily Mirror" readers, tells of a wonderful hair-growing discovery which in an amazing way enables those with healthy hair to preserve and add to its beauty and charm, and those with hair troubles to banish these completely. This free book should certainly be in every home, for it is a valuable guide to hair health as well as being a fascinating description of the splendour of the splendid new hair-growing discovery, the value of which over 750 Doctors have endorsed. There are tens of thousands of people to whom this book is of vital importance. Especially will those who are tired of rubbing so-called tonics, oils and pomades into their heads in the hope of curing their hair trouble and stopping its loss read its pages with intense interest. Doctors to-day unanimously condemn such nostrums, which cannot reach the root of the trouble. The new discovery told of in the book is a simple scientific preparation in tablet form which a host of Doctors of the highest standing have incorporated in their practice. It is actually a doctor's prescription based on the obviously correct principle that to preserve and maintain hair in a healthy rich abundance and to conquer such troubles as Loss of Hair, Scurf, Dandruff, Alopecia (Patchy Bald-

ness), Greyness, Splitting Hair, it is essential to introduce into the system the special elements that the hair needs for its very substance, and thus rebuild health and vitality.

HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY GUARANTEE.

In view of the continued success of this new discovery in such cases as mentioned above, and the day by day endorsement of Doctors everywhere, the preservation of your hair beauty or the restoration of hair in healthy abundance, even in long-standing cases, can be guaranteed to those who follow the treatment conscientiously. The new preparation is called HUGAG-SOLAN, and from the pages of the free book returned to it is clear that the little "Humag-solan" Tablets taken daily will assure permanent hair health for those who desire it.

The Book, of which a copy awaits you, is illustrated with a series of wonderful drawings and contains advice of a very practical nature. If when writing for your presentation copy you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will accompany same. If your hair is healthy and growing abundantly, this book will tell you how to preserve its beauty, and if you have any form of hair trouble whatsoever you will find some section of this book of vital importance. For your Free Copy write to Messrs. Humag-solan, Limited, 70, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. A postcard is quite sufficient.

FREE



OVERCOATS AND FURS DERBY—ALL THE WORLD WRAPS UP TO FA



Lady Blandford and Lady Stanley at the Derby yesterday, where society braved the weather in great numbers.



These girls were unwearied in their efforts to sell ice-cream, but the weather was against them.



Arriving at Epsom in the good old-fashioned way.



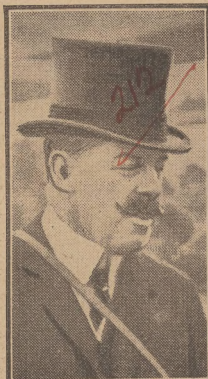
Mr. Morton, trainer of Mr. J. B. Joel's My Lord, with Steve Donoghue, who rode Papyrus to victory, walking on the course yesterday.



A woman bookmaker, who was a notable figure yesterday and did a great deal of business in a brisk manner.



Lord Plumer, of Messines (left), the famous soldier, and Colonel Montague Craddock.



Lord Jersey, who invited the Betting Committee to Epsom, was on the course.



Few people at Epsom yesterday neglected the precaution to take an overcoat or at least a waterproof.



Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, the jockey who yesterday

Overcoats and furs were the fashion at Epsom yesterday. They were worn universally by the huge Derby crowd, of which neither the number nor the enthusiasm was dim.

THE CHILLY BREEZES—WOMAN "BOOKIE" AND WOMAN TIPSTER



...enches the course after a long and fast trot.



The woman tipster's pleasant smile as she offers her selections and tells of previous successes.



Lady Portman, resting between races at Epsom yesterday, chats with Major Sir Delves Broughton, of the Irish Guards.



Major McCalmont, the well-known racing owner, walking along the course with a lady.



Steve Donoghue (centre), the champion jockey, good-humouredly rewards an auto-graph-hunter for his early trip to the Downs.



Lord Portman, with his two daughters, the Hon. Sylvia Portman and the Hon. Jocelyne Portman, on their way to the paddock.



Lady Belper was armed against the weather with a thick coat trimmed with chinchilla.



A pearly king and his little pearly prince watching the crowd from the motor-car stands.

...r, with Bullock, the ...or's Sultash. ...illy winds, the leaden sky, or even the threat of rain. A great many society people were on the course, and the Prince of Wales went down on the royal train.



Happy days are "Kodak" days

Father carrying Doris pick-a-back over the stream—two happy faces against a background of fresh green foliage—a simple little "Kodak" snapshot! And yet, there is no picture in the Royal Academy that to us is so full of sentiment and feeling as this faithful record of a glorious day in the country. Doris is growing up—she's at boarding-school now—but she's still a child in our "Kodak" album of happy memories. Have you got a "Kodak"? Remember, you can learn to use one in half-an-hour.

All outdoors invites your "Kodak"

Kodak Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks and Brownies. Here are two of the latest models—

No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior, takes pictures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches—almost as large as a postcard. Fitted with Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Kodak Ball-bearing Shutter.

Price £3 0 0

No. 2c Autographic Kodak Junior, takes pictures $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches—almost as large as a postcard. Fitted with Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Kodak Ball-bearing Shutter.

Price £4 7 6

Order your copy of the "Kodak Magazine" from your Kodak dealer. 2d. monthly; 3s. per year (post free).



Cut your Boot Bill in Halves.

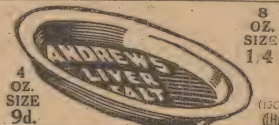
Silver Spots are hard metal discs scientifically incorporated into the sole leather, silently and invisibly protecting it from wear. Silver Spots do not project beyond the surface of the sole—have no harsh metallic ring.

Especially suitable for children's footwear. Insist on having all School Boots fitted with Silver Spots when repaired.

Ask for the famous Silver Spot "Ding Dong" School Boots sold at all Lilley & Skinner Branches.

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with a prize for every competitor.

To the sender of the most lids:—

First Prize, £15 in cash; second prize, Gentleman's rolled gold Admiralty Watch (case guaranteed 10 years) or Lady's 9-ct. gold wristlet watch.

Those who send not less than 24 lids will receive any one of the following:—Pocket Manicure Set, Briar Pipe, Electro-plated Pepper Pot, Salt Cellar or Mustard Pot. The last three gifts together make a beautiful Condiment Set.

Post your lids, stating Consolation Gift preferred (only one Consolation Gift given to each unsuccessful competitor), to reach us not later than June 30. Then, continue to save your Andrew's Lids for participation in a new Gift Scheme, to replace the present Monthly Scheme which terminates definitely on June 30. Full particulars of the new Gift Scheme will be announced shortly.

SCOTT & TURNER, LTD.,
Gillinggate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

APRIL COMPETITION WINNERS

First Prize (£15 Cash) E. H. Hiley,
E. Ross, 31, Walsbrook, E.C.7.
Second Prize (Rolled Gold Watch) E. H. Hiley,
93, Westgate, Wakefield.

Andrew's Liver Salt

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Big "G" means Big Guarantee—therefore buy only Big "G" Sports Gear from Andrew's.

OLD Tennis Rackets and Balls taken in part exchange for new ones from 7s. 6d.

REPAIRED Golf Balls for beginners from 5s. 6d. a dozen; also better qualities with Big "G".

GOLF Clubs with Big "G" from 6s. 6d.; all well-known makes also stocked.

OLD Golf Clubs and Balls taken in part exchange, condition or quantity immaterial.

CRICKET Bats and Balls—All leading makes sold with our Big "G" attached.

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Fine Quality Navy or Fawn Gaberdine, Rubber lined, Belt all round, Double-breasted, in all sizes. An extremely smart and serviceable garment, at almost a third the price. When ordering Gent.'s Coat state chest measurement. Lady's Coat state length at back from collar to hem. Showrooms on first floor open daily from 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Saturdays 9 to 1 p.m. Capable staff of salesmen to wait on callers. If unable to call enclose remittance with order to fully cover amount of purchase by crossed cheque, money order or postal orders. Treasury Notes and coin should in every case be registered. Goods despatched in strict rotation, and full amount immediately refunded should goods fail to meet with your approval and are returned within 8 days.

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

A GIPSY WARNS SQUEAK.

Near Epsom, Wednesday.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Like a good many other people, Pip, Squeak and Wilfred have been to the Derby to-day—or, rather, as near as they could to the Derby—and, throughout the day they never saw a single rascal. They had many thrilling adventures, however, one of the most interesting of which was the finding of a luncheon basket on the downs. Most of the good things inside had gone, however, except a large bottle of fizzy drink which the pets thought was ginger beer.

The bottle, however, contained champagne, and when Squeak opened it the cork flew out like a bullet from a gun and hit poor little Wilfred bang on the nose! They will be more careful in opening bottles in future!

Chief of their adventures was a pleasant hour

spent with some gipsies. After playing games with the brown-legged children they went inside one of the caravans and had tea. They were astonished to find a real fireplace inside the van and a kettle singing on the hob just as if they were inside a real house!

An old gipsy woman then told their fortunes. She told Squeak to "beware of a certain foreign, shaggy-haired dog" who had sworn to track her down. "Popski!" exclaimed Pip and Squeak in one breath.

Asked to tell Wilfred's fortune, she said that the little rabbit would have a very long and exciting life with "plenty of accidents" and narrow escapes from all sorts of dangers. "But he has a lucky face," she added, "and more lives than a cat!"

I think the gipsy woman must have known something about Wilfred's thrilling past!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

'PIP,' 'SQUEAK,' AND 'WILFRED' VISIT NEW ZEALAND.

THERE is a true story that has been sent to me from one of the pets' admirers in far New Zealand.

Tom and Betty (aged twelve and ten) had gone with Mummy and Daddy to stay at a little bungalow built just on the edge of the beach in a lovely part of New Zealand. They were full of excitement looking forward to bathing and swimming in the warm clear sea and having splendid games on the sunny sand.

Besides, hadn't Mummy promised they should sleep out on the verandah in hammocks? They were quite eager to get to bed the first night, and were cosily rolled in their blankets and beginning to get sleepy long before it was dark.

Suddenly Betty said, "Tom, what's that queer noise? Do listen!"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Tom, in a superior voice; "don't be a silly; girls always think they hear noises!" and he turned over and promptly went to sleep.

But poor Betty kept hearing queer, squeaky noises and odd little taps till at last she called, "Daddy, Daddy, do come, I'm sure a fish wants to eat me!"

Daddy held his little daughter's hand, saying, "There, there, don't be frightened. It's just the noise of the sea you hear."

Soon the mysterious tapings and squeaks started again, and in a few minutes Daddy exclaimed, "By George, Betty, you're right! There is something queer, and it must be under the verandah floor!"

Betty crawled up in Mummy's arms while Daddy took up two of the boards of the floor, and what did he see comfortably settled there but a mother penguin with three dear little babies!

"Well, I'm blest!" he said. "Why, Betty, here's Pip, Squeak and Wilfred come to see you!"

At first the birds were very shy, but Tom and Betty fed them with tempting morsels of fish, and by degrees they got quite friendly, and used to march up and down like little soldiers, looking most comical and attractive.

OUR DERBY.

We had our Derby yesterday. 'Twas such exciting fun. Our hobby horses, white and grey, We mounted for the run.

Then off we went around the course, Like Derby jockeys do. First, I the lead contrived to force, Then John came dashing through.

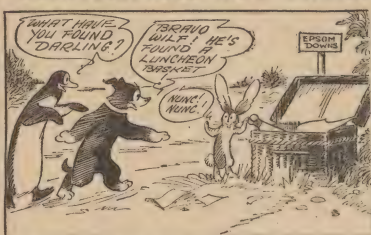
Joan tumbled at the second lap— Her horse was most unkind. Irene lost her jockey cap, And so got well behind.

Towards me most people seemed to lean— I did not get a place. Young Bertie Smith next door— a clean

Outsider—won the race!

—W. S. L.

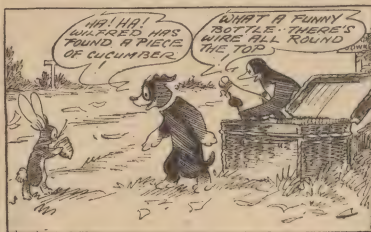
SENSATIONAL—BUT UNRECORDED—INCIDENT AT EPSOM



1. While on Epsom Downs yesterday, hoping to see the Derby, Wilfred found a luncheon basket.



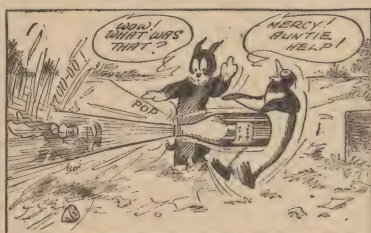
2. There were not many good things inside, however—only a large unopened bottle.



3. I wonder what it can be?" asked Squeak. "Ginger beer, I expect," said Pip.



4. "What a funny bottle," said Squeak, as she tried to open it. And then, suddenly—



5. pop! went the cork like a pistol shot, hitting Wilfred bang on the nose!



6. The bottle, of course, contained champagne—a most fizzy drink, highly popular on Derby days.



The blend that produces Velma's wonderful flavour is still the big secret of the chocolate industry. It is the secret of Velma's popularity. It is the reason why millions the world over never tire of Velma. Remember—Velma for flavour!

Full Sizes, 4d., 8d. & 1/4.

| | |
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| MILKA | CAFOLA |
| The-cream-of | Suchard's latest— |
| Swiss Milk | Milka with a |
| Chocolate. | coffee flavour. |

Full Sizes, 4d., 8d. & 1/4.

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Sold everywhere.

Write for name of nearest retailer to—

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(Proprietors: C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd.)

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HOOD
Clyde TENNIS SHOES

They give
DOUBLE WEAR
because they are made with
MOTOR TYRE SOLES

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|---------------|----------|------|
| Ladies' Sizes | ... | 4/11 |
| Men's " | ... | 5/11 |
| Misses' " | (11 x 2) | 4/6 |
| Child's " | (6 x 10) | 3/11 |

Do you Tire quickly?

If so, you need Wincarnis to give you new vitality. Because Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder and a Nerve-invigorator—all in one.

OVER 10,000 DOCTORS RECOMMEND

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"The Wine of Life."

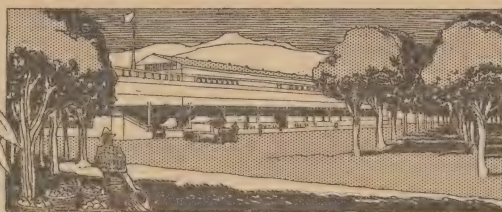


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are not the ordinary water biscuits. Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

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Libby brings you all the ripe freshness and exquisite fragrance of the finest California Peaches.



One of Libby's Model Fruit Canneries.

Libby's Pears reach you full of delightful freshness.



As full of natural sweetness and flavour as when it left the California Orchard

You will notice the uniform colour, tenderness and fine texture—and above all its wonderful fragrance and sweet flavour, the minute you try Libby's Choice Fruit.

It is because Libby have built their kitchens right in the orchards of California, and in the sun-warmed pineapple fields of Hawaii. There the fruit is picked at the moment of perfect ripeness. It is sealed at once in tins, and brought to your table with all the freshness and delicacy of flavour it had when it left the place where it grew.

That is why fruit from the famous

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Peaches—great, golden fruit, packed in rich syrup laden with natural sweetness.

Apricots—fine in texture and delicious in flavour.

Pears—delicately ripe and full of delightful freshness.

Pineapples—as full of tropic sweetness as when they left the Hawaiian Valley.

Such care goes into the selection and packing of Libby's Fruits that whatever variety you buy you will find them the best you ever tasted.

Libby's
Choice Fruits

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd., London, E.C. 3.

The "Blue and White Pyramid" Label.

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*"—and now
to finish up!"*





As a luncheon or dinner wine Harvest Burgundy is naturally a popular favourite in the Englishman's home because it is pure, dependable, soft and delectable, and these splendid qualities are attributable to the sun-blest vineyards of our Empire.

The 'Harvest' of the Empire.

Burgoyne's Harvest Burgundy

is one of BURGUYNE'S "Quality Wines of the Empire."
The price is 5/- a flagon of all Wine Merchants. It may also be bought in ordinary bottles which contain one-third less than a Burgoyne flagon.

BEGIN READING THIS DELIGHTFUL NEW SERIAL TO-DAY:

THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC
MAXWELL

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.



The Little Lady.

she cherishes the friendship of Peter Cowdry, nephew of Lady Parminter, into whose set Barbara foolishly allowed herself to be drawn before settling down to the realities of life.

It was during that period of irresponsibility that Barbara met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy worldly man, who repaid her innocent trust in him by showing her the contempt in which he held the good name of women. The memory of that association has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since.

Still, it is believed Van Rekken died abroad some three years ago and Barbara is quite happy in her flourishing business and in Peter's comradeship. He loves her and has vainly proposed twice, but the Little Lady is sure she feels only affection for him.

Then, one night, when Peter is supping with her, there comes a knock on the door and on the threshold stands Maurice van Rekken, back from the dead!

ENTER VAN REKKEN.

"EVENING, Babs," he smiled, standing big and dark, not attempting to cross the threshold.

Mr. Van Rekken, I thought you were dead." In that moment, while he still stood outside in the cold clear light, she had a brief mental glimpse of him as he had been four years ago.

She had first met Maurice van Rekken at Lady Parminter's house in Hampshire. Half-Dutchman, half Jew, he had always been in demand, both on account of his wealth and a certain charm of manner which rather flattered and excited such elderly women as Claire Parminter.

The Little Lady at twenty had been an even littler lady than she was at present, so little with her wealth of auburn hair and eyes like shining grey pools, that Van Rekken on first catching sight of her had turned to his hostess and asked: "Who is that beautiful baby?"

Followed introductions and the handsome Van Rekken's immediate capture.

The Little Lady, on leave from the hospital, with her father still safe and well, had not been indisposed to play this fish. It was part of her sweet, unsophisticated delight in life that she should have been placed at the attentions of this man of the world.

They had quickly become Babs and Maurice to each other, with the easy informality of the Parminter "crowd," so much Babs and Maurice that Van Rekken had forgotten himself and, one evening, on the moonlit lawn, had taken her in his arms and smothered her with the kisses he found so easy to bestow.

The Little Lady had run from him to pour her indignation into the ears of Lady Parminter. That eminent leader of society had smiled her incomplete understanding of the incident and told the Little Lady that she mustn't mind, that Maurice was a dear, good fellow, and that was only his way.

But Van Rekken's way was not Barbara Crane's way—and she had been almost relieved to hear of his death in a shooting accident in East Africa.

And now: "Not at all dead," he said. "Quite alive and come to see Miss Crane, of whom I have lost sight since I had the pleasure of meeting her at Lady Parminter's."

Come in," she commanded.

"Who's there?" called Peter from the sitting-room.

Van Rekken stiffened at the sound of his voice.

"My friend Peter Cowdry is here," explained the Little Lady.

"Ah! the nephew of our dear Lady P.?"

The Little Lady led him into the little room where Peter still lounged before the fire.

"My handsome stranger!" began the Little Lady nervously. "Peter, this is Mr. van Rekken."

Peter's eyes clouded a moment; then he extended a big hand and laughed.

"Maurice van Rekken back from the wilds. One rather supposed that you were dead."

There followed an awkward pause. Each of the men was wondering just what the other was doing there.

The three of them sat silent. The Little Lady was unconsciously aware of the hold which was fixed upon her in frank admiration by her untidy curls and slim, boyish figure. She hated that more than anything in the world. Peter had never looked at her like that.

Conversation was interrupted by the conversation of people who are only talking to hide their feelings.

"And your business of flowers?" said Van Rekken at length, "that pays—eh? You find that you can make money?"

She nodded an affirmative.

He went on: "Surely you must hate this life behind the counter, cut off from your own set?"

"If you mean the people who cluster around Lady Parminter," explained the Little Lady gently, "they've never met my own set."

"Barbara has friends everywhere," added Peter, drawing fiercely at his pipe. "I should be sorry for her if she relied upon Aunt Claire for her circle of friends."

"I am sure that she has a good friend in Mr. Cowdry," said Van Rekken idly.

Though there was an unpleasant note in the Dutchman's voice, Peter showed no consciousness of it. He simply smiled lazily, and murmured: "I do my best."

"I trust you are well rewarded," continued Van Rekken. "But you are fortunate in your friendship, Cowdry. Babs is a good little soul."

At the mention of the name which he had invented for her, spoken like an insult, the Little Lady coloured to her eyes and cast a desperate glance at Peter.

The latter rose to his feet and reached for his hat, which rested on the topmost shelf of the dressing-room.

"Going, old Peter?"

"I must get back," he said, straightening his shoulders and staring at the two seated before the fire. "As you two haven't met for donkey's years, I shall so want to say something to you."

Back from the dead, you must have a good deal to talk about. Good-bye, Barbara, and thanks so much."

As she led him through the shop the Little Lady could not resist saying something to Peter Cowdry. Even more eagerly did she look for some comment from him.

But he said nothing—and she returned unhappily to Maurice van Rekken.

"It's over three years since I was shot in the side. I lay ill for nearly a year, nursed by a native doctor. Then I'd somehow got out of the hospital and into the civilized world, and went bucking about the place, South America, Java, Tibet, the sort of places a fellow goes to when he wants adventure."

I've thought of you, Babs—a lot."

I don't see why you should have, she replied, almost in a whisper. "I never meant anything to you. Down at Brookhurst I did everything to discourage you."

"Don't you see that it made you all the more memorable and desirable?" he urged. "So few women ever behaved like that to me."

As he spoke she felt once again the utter repulsion which had driven her to strike him in the face. He had one of those big extravagantly handsome faces, coarsened by irregular living. There was his old habit of pushing forward his already too full lips and setting his head quizzically on his side.

His well-cut dinner jacket was a little too smart.

Her inspection finished, she thought it time to speak.

"Have you called on Lady Parminter?" she asked, for something to say.

I have, and immediately received an invitation to her ball next week. I see that you have one too," and he nodded towards the slip of pasteboard which lolled against the china eat.

Then, almost as an after-thought, he added: "Unfortunately, I shall not be able to attend."

The Little Lady's spirits rose at this.

"So I shall not have the pleasure of dancing with you, Babs."

"Don't call me Babs," she said angrily. "No one else does. It is an ugly diminutive of my name."

"So that was my property, was it?" he half sneered.

"Mr. van Rekken," she protested, "I think you had better be going. I have to leave even then I had the sense not to want you, Maurice. I had forgotten you. I can honestly say that from that day to this I have never spared a thought to you—except to wonder—"

Her words trailed off.

"To wonder what, Babs?"

She had meant to say that she had wondered just how he had come to be shot. With a man

like Maurice van Rekken a shooting accident might hide a good deal."

"To wonder if there were women more foolish than I," she concluded lamely.

"You know, you're as pretty as ever, Babs. Hard work hasn't spoiled you."

"It's been the saving of me—as it might be the saving of you," she insisted.

"And of our friend, Mr. Peter Cowdry, too," he said, lighting a Turkish cigarette whose faintly scented smoke smelled sickly and stale, like the man himself.

"Peter has money, but he knows what to do with it," she protested sturdily. "He's the sort of man who should have money."

"Gives pennies to blind beggars with starving wives," returned Van Rekken easily. "The beggar may sound all right. But as soon as your back's turned the beggar can see and the wife becomes well nourished. If I were you, Miss Barbara, I wouldn't believe too much in that form of charity."

"You insult him—and me," she blazed, and at his flicker of a smile she added, "because he is my friend."

"Friend!" Again that insolent, idle query. She nodded vigorously. She was now on her feet, her elbow propped on the mantelpiece, so that one of the carnations, pink-frilled, drooped over her shoulder.

"He can be to women all that you cannot, Maurice. If they seem not to care for him he does not sneer at them. If they desire him for a friend, he does not proffer himself as a lover. He is straight and clean, and honourable—I can see you smile—the best kind of Englishman."

He is simple enough not to read hidden meanings in innocent statements. But that doesn't make him a simpleton. It only means that one can speak to him without hesitation. For four years he has been in love with me. He knew me before you did, Maurice, and in



"My son, Luigi, he call you the Little Lady of the Spring."

four years he has never attempted the method of conquest which you apply to me, the strength of a few days' acquaintance."

"An ideal man!"

"Almost," she agreed, "and yet I don't love him. I've told him that, and it's only at times, when outside things become too strong for him, that he suggests that I might some day change in my attitude towards him. He never insists, and it's in that quality that he dwarfs men like you, Maurice."

Her voice was rising, a hint of tears in its strained tones. She hesitated—and the climax came. "And now you must go, Maurice, and never come back again."

She hid her face in her hands; her slender shoulders trembled with her sobbing. Maurice van Rekken rose to his feet, tossed the butt of his cigarette into the fire, and stood a moment with his hand on the back of the chair.

"Since you've given me my *confé*," he said, not so sure of himself, "I will go. You have not exactly asked me to come again, have you, Babs? I wonder if I will."

He turned and walked from the room.

The Little Lady could hear him stumble through the shop, feel for the latch, bang the door.

Brushing the tears from her eyes she ran after him and shot the bolt. As she did so a silver-grey limousine crept away from the kerb.

She returned to the sitting-room. Her dream of spring was ended, killed almost before it had time to blossom to completeness. The carnation scent came to her nostrils as a reminder of the morning.

Signor Ginoletto had said: "The winds of March have blown my wits away." As the Little Lady stripped the velvet from her bed and let fall the blue dress from her very slim white shoulders she was most unhappily certain that those same winds had blown from her all that really mattered—security, forgetfulness, her dream lover.

THE LADY TROUBLED.

THE morning following the most unexpected appearance of Maurice van Rekken the Little Lady rose early and drove Henry, her old, but willing, horse, through mist-clouded streets to the market.

It was one of those grey and hopeless mornings, which so often follow upon the first, gold and blue beauty of spring, as if to remind us mortals that the world holds no unmixed blessings.

"The Signorina still frowns," said Ginoletto as she picked her way through the cabbage leaves to his shop. "She has excused this morning, for it is the very devil of a day."

They talked of business; and the Italian tried in vain to bring a smile to the Little Lady's lips.

"My son, Luigi, he call you the Little Lady of the Spring," he said.

"I'm sorry for the Spring, signor," she laughed, with no note of merriment in her tone. "But it's a sad sort of Spring, anyway."

She snapped the elastic of her note-book.

"You and I, we are birds. We have the worst of the day. By midday there will be glorious sunshine. I know it." But he could not cheer her drooping spirits.

All day the Little Lady sat like a flower. Even though the sun broke through the mist and showed a sky crowded with fleecy clouds, she could not smile. Alec's enormous mother, who came in for daffodils, shook a head at which curl-papers hung like strange white fruits, and advised a dose of senna. The girl from the dairy, the supposed object of Alec's keen devotion, told her employer that Miss Crane "fairly had the pip."

It was a funny shop to work in, was that shop of "Fleurette et Cie."

On shelves behind the counter stood regiments of shiny vases in which the fragrant roses crowded together.

Talips of every hue—pink, saffron, tawny, golden yellow, pale waxen white; daffodils with frilled collars and golden trumpets; peonies; narcissi; jonquils.

Then, in special bowls, the roses of Southern France, each bud so carefully tended because they fetched such fabulous prices from the wealthy folk of the West. On trays, sprinkled with water, lay bunches of violets, some with the past scent, was a perpetual incense to the goddess of Nature.

But in the window to-day instead of the customary pattern of tomatoes there reigned confusion. The Little Lady's handiwork flying and left the Assistant scratching his ginger head in puzzlement.

During the long afternoon she stood summing up courage to apologise to her hasty temper, but she knew that he would receive it with a good-tempered grin—and she was sorer than that.

The boy bent down, potting out fawn-pink trousers, with a brown patch in the seat. At the sight of that brown patch the Little Lady could almost have burst into tears. It reminded her of the two years of shop-keeping, of her comradeship with the snub-nosed boy; and, somehow, she felt that all those good days must come to an end.

As if driven away by Van Rekken, Peter had not paid his usual morning call. The Little Lady recalled the brusqueness of his departure, and the little clouds of doubt and jealousy which had drifted across his clear brown eyes.

The three soul-fated daffodils, too, towered with a savage intensity—as if she had been throwing Van Rekken with them.

The memory of the man haunted her, every movement of his broad hands, each scornful glowering of his lips. The impression was all the stronger for the fact that for four years she had believed him dead. His return had been like some torturing, damnable resurrection.

Towards evening the fog crept in, the wind veering, and the air was streaming with heavy drops. Figures drifted past, enormous, distorted. Late customers came clumping to the counter and proffered damp pennies for daffodils. It was an evening of evils.

Between times the Little Lady stared out into the fog, wondering what it held that made it so threatening. The sunshine and windy glory of yesterday seemed like a vision seen through a chink.

Every sort of face went by, visible over the tops of the flowers. Old faces, young faces, sad faces, gay faces, faces that meant a whole lot, and other faces vacant and without meaning; they passed in silence. But the most beautiful were the faces of young lovers, nestled together as a challenge to the all-pervasive fog.

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The Girl who "Couldn't Get On"

How She Found Success

"NO, she'll never do," said Sir Richard firmly. "Oh, why?" The charming girl to whom he spoke looked distressed. "I know Miss Hazelton is thoroughly competent."

"I'm sorry, but she's not the kind of girl that I would care to appoint to such an important position where attention to detail is so vital—she is not even careful of her own appearance."

"Oh, I know her appearance is against her, but she's awfully clever."

"To tell you the truth, I really didn't bother to find out her capabilities."

Grace stood silent for a moment. "Then she said earnestly: 'Sir Richard, will you do me a special favour? Will you give Miss Hazelton another chance? Oh, please do!'" she begged, as she saw her employer frown.

Sir Richard looked at her and softened. He had a fatherly admiration for the fresh charm of this attractive girl.

"Very well, then," he agreed. "To-morrow first thing."

That night Grace found Molly in tears.

"Now," she admonished, "don't get upset, Sir Richard has promised to see you again."

"What's the good?" lamented Molly.

"Oh, pull yourself together!" said Grace.

"You're going to see Sir Richard to-morrow, and you're going to look a different girl. See what I have brought you," and she drew from her suit-case the smartest of tailored frocks.

"Oh, Grace! What a darling frock, but I could never wear blue, my complexion wouldn't stand it."

"Don't argue," said Grace, "but come here," and she took from her case a most attractive purple and gold package. "This is the secret of an attractive complexion, Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Use it and your skin will be as velvety looking, as white and smooth in appearance as you can desire."

"Even a skin like mine?" asked Molly.

"Rather! Dust your face with Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, like this. It is so exquisitely fine that it gives a most becoming flower-like bloom to the skin. You will find it is easy to get frocks and hats to suit you when you use Pompeian BEAUTY powder."

"And what a delicious fragrance!"

"Yes, the perfume alone would make it a joy to use. Then the complexion can be matched exactly in one of the four shades of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder that its use is never ostentatious. You and I have brown hair and brown skins, so we use Naturelle. There is Rachel for brunettes and White for very light blondes, while people with bright complexions use Rosée. But the really amazing point about Pompeian BEAUTY Powder is the way it stays on."

"Oh, that's almost too good to be true!"

"Yes, you never have to keep re-powdering if you use Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Dancing, motoring, playing games, it stays on and actually protects your skin from the effects of sun and wind. See what an improvement Pompeian BEAUTY Powder has made to your complexion already. And how slip on this dress. Doesn't it suit you?"

"Grace," cried Molly, "I never dreamed I could look so attractive."

"Powdering with Pompeian BEAUTY Powder works wonders. It not only gives your skin a beautiful tone, but it softens the contours of your face, adding charm to your features. And don't you feel different?"

"Rather," sighed Molly rapturously.

"Now, keep this Pompeian BEAUTY Powder," said Grace. "Use it before you go to see Sir Richard, and wear the new dress, and I am sure you will get the job." . . . And she did.

"Sir Richard, will you do me a special favour?"

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"Grace," cried Molly, "I never dreamed I could look so attractive."

"Powdering with Pompeian BEAUTY Powder works wonders. It not only gives your skin a beautiful tone, but it softens the contours of your face, adding charm to your features. And don't you feel different?"

"Rather," sighed Molly rapturously.

"Now, keep this Pompeian BEAUTY Powder," said Grace. "Use it before you go to see Sir Richard, and wear the new dress, and I am sure you will get the job." . . . And she did.

"Sir Richard, will you do me a special favour?"

"Yes, the perfume alone would make it a joy to use. Then the complexion can be matched exactly in one of the four shades of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder that its use is never ostentatious. You and I have brown hair and brown skins, so we use Naturelle. There is Rachel for brunettes and White for very light blondes, while people with bright complexions use Rosée. But the really amazing point about Pompeian BEAUTY Powder is the way it stays on."

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PICTURES THAT WEIGH TWENTY TONS



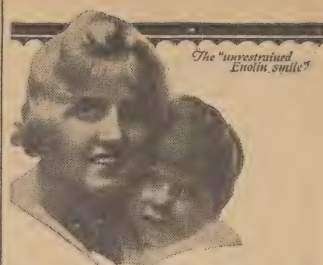
Workmen removing from the studio of Captain Spencer Pryse, M.C. (inset), a picture painted on a stone slab weighing about 12cwt. This is one of a series of twenty-four from which the posters of the British Empire Exhibition will be produced. In all they will weigh nearly twenty tons.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



M.P. AS CHILDREN'S GUIDE.—Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., at the Houses of Parliament with a party of children from the Central London Poor Law School at Hanwell. He showed them round and gave them tea.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



SMITHY IN THE STREET.—Mr. John Bloomfield, of North Lancing, Sussex, where he has been the village blacksmith for over fifty years, now has his forge in the street. He lost his old shop when it was recently sold.



**Keeps decay right away
for less than a farthing a day**

There's no grit in Enolin — no matter how often you clean your teeth with it, Enolin cannot scratch the enamel — it can only improve their lustre. It thoroughly cleans discoloured teeth and prevents disease germs and acids remaining on them to eat away the enamel and cause decay.

Fortify teeth, freshen gums and mouth, by cultivating the Enolin habit. With dinginess gone from your teeth you'll smile the "unrestrained Enolin smile."



Enolin

Tooth Paste is Perfection

Contains no grit

1/3 of all chemists 9"



WHY BE TOO FAT?

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Dr. RICCARDI, the eminent Paris Physician, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product that I have met with for a very quick and effective and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some are absolutely dangerous."

"You are at perfect liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, as I like to do justice to such perfect products."

(Signed) DR. RICCARDI.

This letter expresses nothing but the simple truth, but how true only those who have used Antipon can realise. Why not be one of them? Commence the never-failing Antipon treatment now. Your youth, vivacity and beauty of figure will soon return and with them your lost energy. Remember, Antipon has 21 years' reputation and is the only safe, sure and pleasant remedy for overweightness. No change of diet, but a reduction of 10 lbs. in a single day and night. Solid in powder or liquid by Boon (100 branches), and all chemists and stores the world over. Price 3/- and 5/- per box in plain wrapper, direct, post free, from the

ANTIPON CO. (Desk 60), 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

ANTIPON

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS IT 3/- & 5/- POWDER OR LIQUID.

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WHITBY

YORKSHIRE

DESIGNED BY NATURE
FOR IDEAL HOLIDAYS

LOVELY SEASIDE RESORT

WITH A BACKGROUND OF

MOORS, WOODS & RIVERS

GLORIOUS GOLF BATHING
SANDS FISHING

Illustrated Guide post free from Town Clerk
WHITBY, or any L.N.E.R. Enquiry Office

Thank You!

The wonderful attendance at the opening of our new REAL Silk Stocking Store is very gratifying to us—and we thank you!

But we are not surprised that such value as we offer is so readily appreciated. It has never been done before—it fulfils a great and growing need—there is nothing just like REAL Silk Stockings for comfort and smartness. The new price means that REAL Silk can be worn for everyday occasions.

REAL

Silk
Hose from 2/11 PER PAIR
(3 pairs for 8/6).

Etam
LTD.
The REAL
Silk Stocking Store

488, OXFORD ST., W.1
(Marble Arch End).

LADIES' MIRROR

ORGANDIE GOWNS—COLOURED CRYSTAL TRIMMINGS

NOW that you have decided to risk an organdie gown this summer and have successfully debated the all-important question of colour—*shall I have that peach bloom one, or stick to the cherry blossom pink that always suits me?*—you'll be wondering how it should be trimmed, if it's to win the widespread admiration you fondly desire.



If you care for novel effects you will be interested in this lace-edged ribbon trimming

EMBROIDERY.
Berthes, knotted scarves, posies and shoulder ribbons have been used extensively on taffeta frocks all the year round, so leave them for the others. All-over stitchery in white or palest coffee tint is newer, while broderie Anglaise extending up the skirt as far as the hips, or in the form of let-in panels, always has a distinctive charm of its own.

COLOURED CRYSTAL.
But newer still are the tinted crystal beads with which you may garnish your frock yourself. Their lovely colourings remind one of rich and rare Chinese and Persian stuffs.

LOOKED EXPENSIVE.
I saw a novel and arresting hat trimming the other day. On her pretty little cloche hat of French grey crepe de Chine the wearer had utilised one of the large Victorian posies that have been used so much on picture and period frocks. This was flattened against the crown on one side and gave quite an expensive finish to the hat, having the appearance of one of the flower cockades so much used on all smart millinery.

MANY ATTRACTIONS.

I hear that a Midsummer Fashion Parade by Paquin will be one of the attractions of the garden fête on June 7 at The Hill, Lord Leverhulme's delightful Hampstead residence. Ellen Terry is to judge the doll-dressing competition, and Adeline Genée the children's dancing competitions, whilst Marie Tempest is in charge of a thé dansant that will be held in the famous picture gallery.



A summer wrap of thick satin, lined with contrasting material, is an absolute necessity.

Cocoon Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Multisided cocoon oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless) is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can not possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Multisided in a cup with a little tepid water. Then moisten the hair with water and rub the Multisided in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Multisided cocoon oil shampoo from any chemist. It is inexpensive, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your chemist gives you Multisided. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.—(Adv't.)

CAN'T YOU EAT WHAT YOU FANCY?

That's due to weak stomach—indigestion! You need Bismarck Magnesia, as prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals. Quite harmless, but it prevents all possibility of pain or stops it instantly if it has started. Try it once and see the difference at your next meal. 1s. 3d. at all chemists, and would be cheap at six times the price! . . . But don't risk unknown preparations with similar names—see the word "Bismarck" on the package and get the kind the doctors take themselves.—(Adv't.)

Cuticura Soap and Ointment Clear the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, sold everywhere.
British Depot: P. Newbery & Sons, Ltd.,
27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

WRINKLES QUICKLY REMOVED
Marvellous effect. All wrinkles effectively removed as if by magic. Absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin. Will not prove hair.

WRINKOLA
The great Egyptian Remedy, guaranteed from original recipe. Every lady should write for free testing supply and list of Eastern Toilet Specialities at once.

NO MASSAGE! NO RUBBING!
Send 3d. stamps to-day towards postage and packing, and you will be surprised and delighted at the result. **WRINKOLA** will follow. Write to Miss CYNTHIA STAFF-FORD (Dept. 11), 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

**Eiffel Tower
Lemonade**
Sweetened.
(No sugar required).
100s. Tin (makes 25 glasses).
Ready to Drink.

SHIPPING, TOURS, ETC.
FREE CHURCH TOURING GUILD.
107, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.
£5 5 INCLUDING RAIL & 7 DAYS' HOTELS.
£7 7 INCLUDING RAIL & 14 DAYS' HOTELS.
AT REVEY-SUBMER GREAT BATHING RESORT.
YOUR INCLUDES three delicious lunches.
£8 8 LAKE OF LUCERNE OR CLARENS.
£27 0 ROME, FLORENCE AND VENICE TOUR.
INCLUDING RAIL & 14 DAYS' HOTELS.
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, 64 PAGES, POST FREE.

MARKETING BY POST.
CANNED FRUITS in Syrup—Bargain Offer: 24 2½ tins (Peaches, Pears, Pines, Apples, Prunes, assorted, to order, 6p. 28s. Eng. and Wales. 4 sample tins post free. Frumblings, Importers Thornton Heath, S.E.
POULTRY—Large roasting ducks 9s. to 10s. complete prompt delivery; terms cash; trussed for table post free—Anne Clark, 135 Home, Rosebery, Cork.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ETC.
£2,000 WORTH Cheap Photo Material; catalogue, stamp, free—Hacketts Wks. Ltd., Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.
ARE you fat? Nature's only remedy, Thinnz Tablets, in plain wrapper P.O. 50, 51, Thain Road, 12, Lambeth House, London E.C.4.
EUCLEMA, Powerful, all skin diseases, positively cured when everything else fails—Write to J. G. Wilkinson, M.P.S. Chemist, 72 Dragoon-road, Harrogate.
Wicks and Corsets, or sent by post to ladies' tailors & specialists; cheapest house for transformations, corsets, gowns, and every description of ornamental hair work for ladies or conveniences; also cut best free—M. Pickard and Co., 251, Kenlyth Tower, London, N.W.
WYNERS—Locals, Courses, Thermal Cures, Pensions, 71d. tin—G. S. Alchin, 5, Norman-road, Dartford, Kent.

When you re-arrange your pictures—what do the walls reveal?
Tiny marks, quite invisible from the floor, left by the tough, slender pins of X-Hooks—or the unsightly holes and areas of cracked plaster which nails almost invariably leave behind them!

Two or three tapers with a hammer fix an X-Hook—whatever the nature of the wall—and the tempered steel pin enters at the exact angle which gives the greatest resistance to downward pressure. Heavy loads and vibration only serve to strengthen its grip.

**3 SIZES
1/6 PER BOX**

THE X HOOK
the no-trouble picture hanger.
Sold by Ironmongers everywhere. In case of difficulty in securing supplies they will be sent post free from—
EVERITT'S PATENTS CO., 31 Kingly Street, Regent Street, London, W.1

Spotless Gas Stoves for 1d. a week
That is all it costs to clean the inside and out of your gas-cooker thoroughly once a week with OVEN-O, and it is done as easily as washing dishes. It beats everything for removing grease. Buy a tin to-day.

OVEN-O
And making gas stoves spotless is only one of the uses of OVEN-O. See how it gets grease and burnt fat off meat tins, cake tins, pie dishes, or any other utensil. It's the best thing we know for cleaning the black deposits of kettles and saucepans; keep them clean with OVEN-O, they will boil quicker and reduce your gas bills.

OVEN-O is recommended by the Richmond Gas Stove and Meter Co. Ltd., the leading makers of gas cookers, and the Anglo-American Oil Co. Ltd., makers of the famous Valor-Perfection Oil Stoves and Heaters.

Of all Stores, Ironmongers, Grocers, Oilmen and Gas Companies. If unsatisfactory, send 6d. for trial tin post free to the Manufacturers (Makers also of Lynene and Blumbe Handpads).

HUGH McREA, Ltd., Great Northern House, 345, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

6d. & 1/- per tin.

Cleaning the w.c. bowl need not be a nasty job
A sprinkle with magical HARPIC at night, a flush next morning and the bowl is stainless, whiter than months of scrubbing could make it.

Harpic
THE ONLY SAFE LAUNDRY CLEANSER FOR HEALTHY HOMES

HARPIC removes every stain on the lavatory bowl, leaves it white and sparkling and destroys all germs in the fittings behind. Stocked by Liptons, Boots, World's Stores, Timothy Whites, etc., etc. Get a 6d. or 15 tin now.

FREE A trial sample of HARPIC for name of non-stocking dealer. A P.C. will do.

HARPIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 2 A.D.,
1, Avenue Road,
Camberwell, S.E.5.

SANPIC removes obstruction from pipes. 3/- large tin.

Coupon
Please send me free sample of HARPIC.
Name _____
Address _____
Daytime _____

DONOGHUE WINS HIS THIRD SUCCESSIVE DERBY

Papyrus Scores Easily from Pharos.

PARTH PLACED.

Town Guard Starts Favourite and Finishes in the Rear.

Yesterday's Derby changed Donoghue's recent spell of ill-luck with a vengeance. He had the personal triumph of riding his third successive Derby winner, a "hat trick" never before achieved by his famous predecessors, and one unlikely ever to fall to a present rival of the saddle, or even to a successor. It was a dreary day, showers and cold winds prevailing. Other features of yesterday's sport were:—

Cricket.—Four crickets were scored in first-class cricket by E. Tyldesley (Lancashire), Hardinge and Seymour (Kent), and G. T. S. Stevens (Oxford University).

Boxing.—It was announced that Carpenter would leave for England on Saturday and would go into training at Leigh-on-Sea for his return contest with Joe Beckett.

HOW PAPYRUS WON.

Great Ovation for Donoghue—Gay Angela Disqualified.

(Continued from page 3.)

Whatever the cause, his chance had gone long before reaching the straight. Likewise had vanished the jacket of Town Guard, who had just gone to the front when the colours disappeared.

In the place of that pair were Papyrus and Pharos, with Doric, Hurry Off, and Parth not far behind, but for enough to suggest that only the two leaders would be concerned in the actual finish.

And so it proved. Gardner, as I have said, got Pharos well within striking distance of the leader, but the Derby luck of the Stanleys was not to turn, and Papyrus went away again to win by a length—and somewhat easily at that. Parth was on to finish third, a length and a half behind Pharos, and although there was a lot of pulling up among the unplaced lot, he was probably third best on merit.

ALL SMILES.

Donoghue came in for a wonderful ovation when, with the customary escort of two mounted policemen, he made his triumphant return to the unsaddling enclosure. Like Basil Jarvis, who had trained the colt, his face was wreathed in smiles, and the only member of the little party who gave no signs of his emotion was Mr. Irish. But owners never show how pleased they are to lead back a Derby winner.

Donoghue has now won three real Derbies and two war substitutes—on Gay Crusader and Pomern at Newmarket—and Lord Derby has equaled Lord Astor's unbeaten record of providing three "seconds" on Epsom Downs.

My Lord, like Legality, was a big disappointment, and Ellangowan ran just the reverse to general expectations.

Most of us anticipated him to find the pace a bit too hot at the offset and to be picking up the leaders in the last half-mile. Just the reverse happened, as he showed good speed for a mile and then died away.

TOWN GUARD THIRTEENTH.

Twelve Pointer, on the other hand, was doing all his best work at the finish, and it was only by the narrowest margin that Doric kept him out of fourth place. Town Guard finished thirteenth.

Donoghue's Derby was not the only trouble of the afternoon, for the three brothers Jarvis trained the winners of three successive races, and R. Jones got ahead of Elliott by scoring on Lady Clara, Mink and Meteor.

Jack Jarvis' consolation for the failure of Ellangowan came when Papyrus ran away with the Stewards' Handicap. The colt carried Lord Rosebery's colours, was always favourite and was never headed.

William Jarvis was content with a selling race victory, but he lost the winner, Creditable, at the subsequent auction to Captain Bewicke, who went to 1,400 guineas—the biggest price of the year.

Gay Angela finished first in the Caterham Stakes, jumping off in front and making all the running. An objection for bumping and boring, however, was sustained, and the race was awarded to Mink.

MOTOR-CYCLE RECORDS.

Several world's records were beaten at Brooklands yesterday by J. H. Mather and R. E. Dick, who, driving a 7.9-h.p. motor-cycle and side-car alternately, covered 500 miles in 8h. 29m. 30s. In doing so they beat all side-car records for 500 miles and for eight and nine hours, their average speed being 50.88 m.p.h.

Old world's records beaten were: 400 miles in 6h. 50m. 10s., speed 58.49 m.p.h.; 411 miles 523 yards in 7 hours.

Shire Horses for Canada.—Six shire horses presented by the Shire Horse Society to the Canadian Government, have arrived in good condition at Ottawa.



Fred Archer, who meets Billy Bitchard over fifteen rounds in the ring bout at the Ring-to-night.



Donato Pavesi, who will attempt to break the twenty miles walking record at Stamford Bridge this evening.

TO-DAY'S PROSPECTS.

Top Gallant's Fine Chance in the Coronation Cup.

With the Coronation Cup as the chief event, the Great Surrey Foal Stakes and two good handicaps as "supers," to-day's card at Epsom is perhaps the best of the whole week.

Everybody regrets the breakdown of Captain Cuttle, but his absence will certainly make the Cup a more interesting race than it would have been had he kept well.

Bucks Hussar, Captain Fracasse, Soubriquet, Nares, Condover and Top Gallant will provide the opposition, and, although the last-named may not be the best of stayers, his brilliant speed should pull him through.

Some very smart youngsters are engaged in the Great Surrey Foal Plate. Stowe, Appleby, Grand Knight and Strailace are undoubtedly the best of those seen out, and there are invariably one or two useful ones among the "dark" division.

Strailace won in very good style at Sandown before she ran up against the flying Muntaz Malat at Newmarket, and when it is remembered that she

SELECTIONS FOR EPSOM.

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 1.30—DESPERATION. | 3.50—CROWDENNIS. |
| 2.5—FANCY MAN. | 4.25—SCALIGER. |
| 2.40—STRAILACE. | 5.0—PORTSOY. |
| 3.15—TOP GALLANT. | |
| DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY. | |
| STRAILACE AND CROWDENNIS. | |

was conceding 9lb. her effort on that occasion must be considered as most meritorious. I think she will be too good for Appleby and Stowe to-day.

CrowdenNIS has missed several engagements since winning the Great Surrey Handicap at the Spring Meeting, and the inference is that his trainer has had the Royal Stakes in view. The colt has a big weight, but the opposition will not be numerous, and he appears to me as the best thing of the day.

Roman Fiddle, a winner over the course, Preston-park, from the Town Guard stable, and Scaliger look the pick in the Durand Handicap. It would be highly appropriate were the last-named to win for Lord Rosebery, and from all accounts he is quite expected to do so.

The elusive Desperation, who has missed numerous engagements since Lincoln, may be saddled at length in the Horton Plate, in which case she will probably win.

BOUVIERIE.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

T. Morgan rides Poly Goldsmith in the Horton Selling Plate to-day.

Donoghue rides Top Gallant in the Coronation Cup at Epsom this afternoon.

Tereina was scratched from the Derby at 4.55 p.m. on Tuesday. She remains in the Oaks.

North Walham has been sent to France. He is engaged in the Grand Hurdle Race at Autuel on June 20.

Skias was struck out of all engagements at 4.55 p.m. on Tuesday. Mrs. Bendit's colt was in yesterday's Derby.

It is understood that if Tranquil acquits herself to her owner's satisfaction in the Oaks to-morrow she will be sent to France to take her chance in the Grand Prix.

SPECIAL NEWMARKET WIRE.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1.30—DESPERATION. | 3.50—SERVICE KIT. |
| 2.5—POLYHYSTOLE. | 4.25—SCALIGER. |
| 2.40—STRAILACE. | 5.0—EARLESTOWN. |
| 3.15—TOP GALLANT. | |



The finish of the Ranmore Plate, the first race at Epsom yesterday, won by the favourite, Lady Clara.

TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

Crash Helmets To Be Worn in Motor-Cycle Derby.

The most important motor-cycling events of the year—the Tourist Trophy races in the Isle of Man—will be run next week.

Every motor-cyclist has an indirect interest in the event, for the successes and failures are evolved the motor-cycles for 1924.

The side-car race this year is a new departure. The matter was very carefully considered by the organisers, and it was decided as a start to limit the engine capacity of the combination mounts to 600-c.c., or a nominal 6-h.p.

The idea of limiting the size of the engines was to have these ultra large machines which might add an extra element of danger to the race. In any case, for ordinary touring purposes 600-c.c. is considered efficient, and the race should prove this.

The speeds which competitors have set themselves to beat are the records set up last year, as follows: Light-weight up to 250-c.c., nominal 2-h.p., average speed, 48.99-m.p.h. Junior up to 350-c.c., nominal 3-h.p., average speed, 54.75-m.p.h. Senior open race, average speed, 58.31-m.p.h.

The fastest single lap ever made on the 37½-mile course was 59.99-m.p.h. last year.

Every precaution is being taken by the organisers against accidents.

The arrangements include: Five doctors, a large squad of first-aid men and crash helmets compulsory.

DAVIS CUP-TIE.

Spain to Meet Great Britain—Manchester the Likely Venue.

It was announced officially by the Lawn Tennis Association on Tuesday that Rumania have scratched to Spain in the first round of the Davis Cup.

With regard to the tie in the second round between Great Britain and Spain, the L.T.A. have expressed their desire to play on grass courts, which they are entitled to do under Regulation No. 5, and they propose that the tie be played in Manchester on June 16, 18 and 19.

Mr. J. A. Batley has been appointed non-playing captain.

MISS RYAN'S VICTORIES.

Few Surprises in Northern Lawn Tennis Championships.

There were few surprises in the North of England Lawn Tennis Championships at Manchester yesterday.

The chief event of the meeting is the All-England Mixed Doubles championship, this being the only national title at stake.

Miss Ryan, who won last year with R. Lycett, and who is this year partnered by Max Woosnam, struck two rounds in straight sets, while in the singles she beat Miss K. Bounprey with the loss of a single game.

LONDON FOOTBALL FINANCE.

Association Reports a Balance of £467 on Past Season's Working.

In their report, to be presented to the annual meeting at Winchester House on Tuesday, June 19, the council of the London Football Association state that the affairs of the association continue in a satisfactory condition. There is a balance of £467 on the revenue account for the season's working. As the result of the London Professional Charity Fund games a sum of £719 was distributed among London charities, while the London Charity Cup competition has yielded £684 for distribution.

The London F.A. took part in six senior inter-association matches during the past season, and were not once defeated, five games being won and one drawn.

TO MEET SYRACUSE.

Oxford University's Team for This Afternoon's Lacrosse Match.

The Syracuse University lacrosse team, who opened their English tour on Tuesday with a victory over Essex County, are to meet Oxford University on the St. John's College ground, Oxford, this afternoon, at 2.45.

The majority of the players in the Oxford team are Canadians, the side selected being as follows: H. O. Hopkins, J. Farthing, A. C. Valentine, W. H. Coates, J. J. E. H. Fleming, F. L. L. Nevelan, W. L. McEneaney, E. Pearson, E. N. G. W. C. Wansborough, E. B. Pitblado, H. Heywood.

LEICESTER COLLAPSE.

Peach 6 for 31—Four First-Class Centuries.

GLAMORGAN FAIL.

County cricket suffered much interruption yesterday from bad weather and bad light.

At Nottingham, where Hampshire were the visitors, rain prevented any play whatever. In London the games at the Oval, Lord's and Leyton were all suspended from time to time.

The wicket was good at Cardiff, where Lancashire batted first. G. Rogers and Makepeace found little difficulty in scoring off Clay and Arnold.

With the total at 68 Rogers mistimed a good ball from Ryan, and four runs later Makepeace left. Ernest Tyldesley, partnered by his captain, scored with freedom, but Rogers eventually got Sharp caught. Tyldesley, by splendid cricket, carried his total to 114 before he was taken by Walters off Clay.

Glamorgan fared badly against the Lancashire bowling, and against Cook in particular. With only one wicket in hand they were 24 runs behind.

At Leyton, Hardinge and Seymour severely punished the Essex bowling and helped themselves to their first centuries of the season. When bad light stopped the game for the day Seymour had made 140 not out and Hardinge 106, Kent having scored 268 for the loss of only one wicket.

CHAMPIONS' BAD START.

It was not like Yorkshire to have three wickets down with only 25 runs on the board, yet this was the champions' fate at Cambridge. Satchell, Lord and Leyland being got out of the way by Allen and Wright. Rain spoilt the game during the afternoon.

Many interruptions were caused at the Oval, where Leicester made a poor display. Lord's wicket fell with only 5 runs on the board, and Mounteney's cautioning.

When Major Fowke and King were associated there was some fine defensive batting, but King fell a victim to a second good catch by Jeacocke off Peach. By lunch-time Peach had taken four wickets for 28, and later in the day he got Geary caught by Hitch and clean-bowled Shipman, the ninth wicket falling at 43 and the last for the addition of only one run. Peach's final analysis showed that his six wickets had cost just over 5 runs apiece.

Surrey, without loss, had made 18 when the game was stopped before the scheduled time owing to rain.

Lord's little continuous play was seen owing to the rain and, when no rain was falling, to bad light. The Warwick bowling was accurate, and runs came with painful slowness from Lee and Hearne.

A fine innings of 192 was played in the Oxford match with West Indies by G. T. S. Stevens, and J. G. Guise was only out of the way by a single, undefeated at the close. R. L. Phillips, the West Indies' slow bowler, dislocated his shoulder during the match.

CRICKET SCORE BOARD.

NORTHANTS v. SUSSEX—At Northampton.
Sussex.—First Innings: 214; Bowling: 48 A. J. Holmes 33, A. E. Gilligan 41, Colonel A. C. Watson 23. Bowling: Clarke 5 for 55, Thomas 4 for 59.
Northants.—First Innings: 15 for 1.

ESSEX v. KENT—At Leyton.
Kent.—First Innings: 268 for 1; Hardinge not 106, Seymour not 140.

MIDDLESEX v. WARWICKSHIRE—At Lord's.
Middlesex.—First Innings: 115 for 3; Lee 56, Hendren 21.

SURREY v. LEICESTERSHIRE—At the Oval.
Leicester.—First Innings: 64; Major G. H. Fowke 18. Bowling: Peach 3 for 28, Lord 2 for 28.
Surrey.—First Innings: 18 for 0 wkt.

GLAMORGAN v. LANCASHIRE—At Cardiff.
Lancashire.—First Innings: 332; G. Rogers 27, Makepeace 35, Tyldesley (E.) 114, J. Sharp 54, Cook not 28, Hickmott 27. Bowling: Clay 5 for 56, Ryan 3 for 109, Bates 3 for 49.
Glamorgan.—First Innings: 88 for 9; Stone not 45.

GLOUCESTER v. DERBYSHIRE—At Bristol.
Gloucester.—First Innings: 301; Dipper 26, Hammond 90, Smith 68, Bloodworth 64, Parker 48. Bowling: Bestwick 3 for 75.

CAMBRIDGE v. U. v. YORKSHIRE—Cambridge.
Yorksire.—First Innings: 41 for 3; Holmes not 20.

OXFORD U. v. WEST INDIES—At Oxford.
Oxford U.—First Innings: 359 for 5; G. T. Stevens 192, J. W. Nicholson 22, J. L. Guise not 99.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

News Items and Gossip About Men and Matters of the Moment.

Women Oarsmen.—King's College Women's Rowing Section meet the Royal Free Hospital R.C. in a four-oared race at Barnes on June 13.

Long Cycle Ride.—Reginald Shirley rode 1,307 miles in seven days on his push-bike out of a 1,800 he had set himself to do. Wind and bad roads were against him all the time.

Parliamentary Golf.—In the third round of the parliamentary handicap on the Hedley Wood (Middlesex) course yesterday L. G. Williams (M.P., handicap 9) beat J. Murray, M.P. (16) by one hole.

Round in 75.—H. J. Fernie, professional to the Northumberland Club, has made a new record for the Morpeth Golf Club course. He beat the previous record of 77 held by Harry Vardon by two strokes.

Record by Abe Mitchell.—To celebrate the opening of the extended golf course at Cowes, Glamorgan, Mr. Abe Mitchell, Harry Vardon, James Braid and George Horne engaged in exhibition play. Abe Mitchell was in fine form and won the match, competing with a round of 71, which establishes a new record for the course.

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL" NAP.

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21s. monthly.—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

Pets' Startling Find On Epsom Downs.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



The pets have a Derby—



—Adventure on page 13.

SEEING THE RACE FROM THEIR OWN GRANDSTANDS: DERBY DAY SCENES AT EPSOM



The motor-cars and buses parked opposite Tattenham Corner provided splendid grandstands for the fortunate occupants who made their way to Epsom by road.



The King's Indian orderlies attended the meeting, wearing picturesque turbans with Western dress.



A "handcuff king" giving a display of his prowess in escaping from chains and steel bracelets.



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill arriving on the course. Like most of those present, they were warmly clad.



Their early morning toilet after spending the night on the Downs.



A happy lad preparing his breakfast in the open air at Epsom.

Chill weather did not prevent people journeying in vast numbers to the Derby yesterday. Streams of wheeled traffic, motor and horsedrawn, poured along the road, passing scores

of people hurrying along on foot, to join others who came by train and those who, arriving overnight, had spent the night in the open on the Downs.